Saturday Review

DECEMBER 10, 1960 / 25¢

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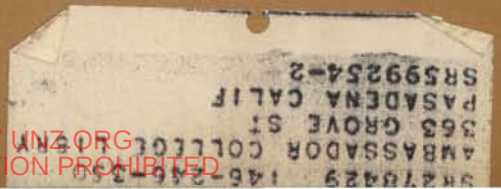
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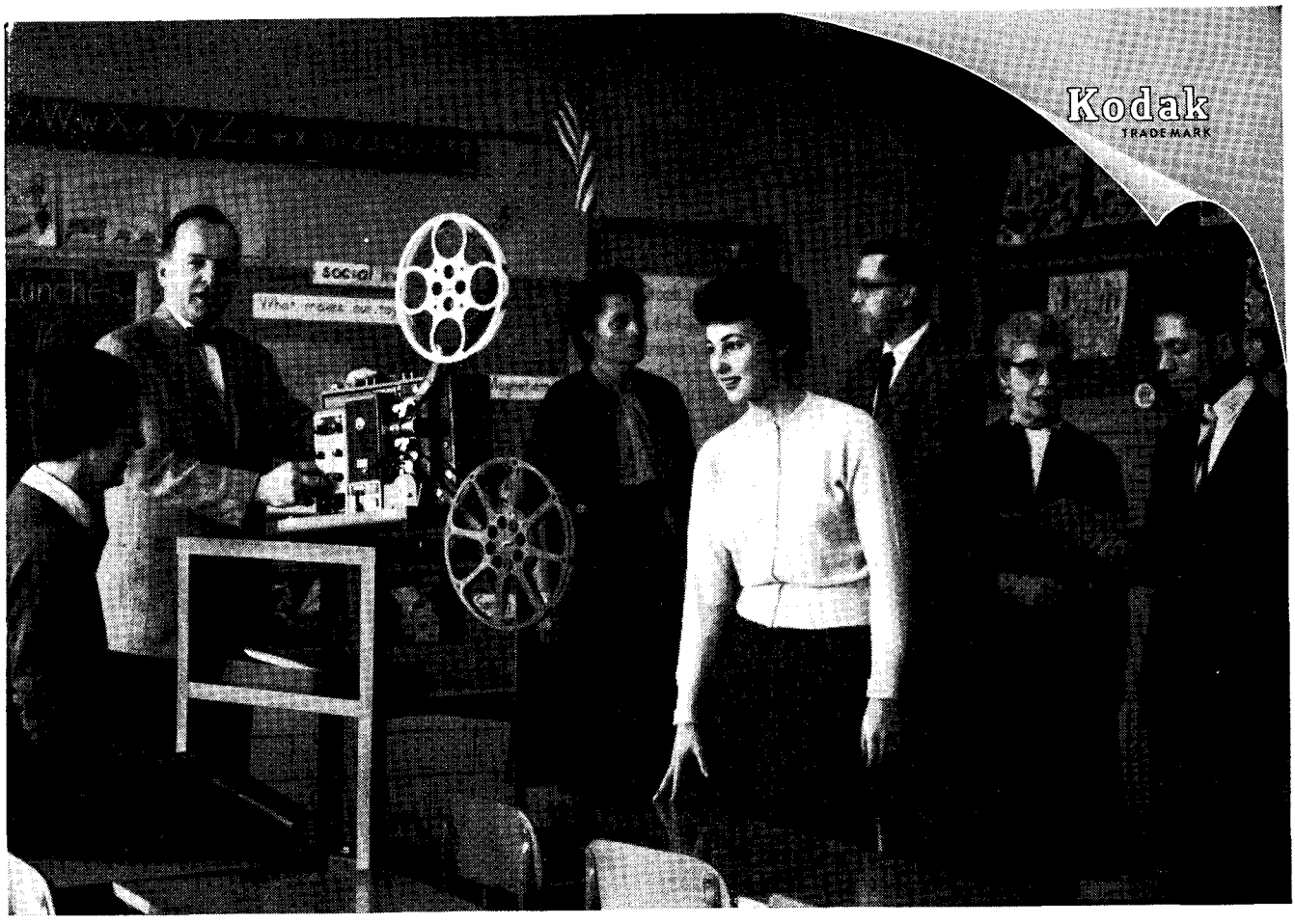

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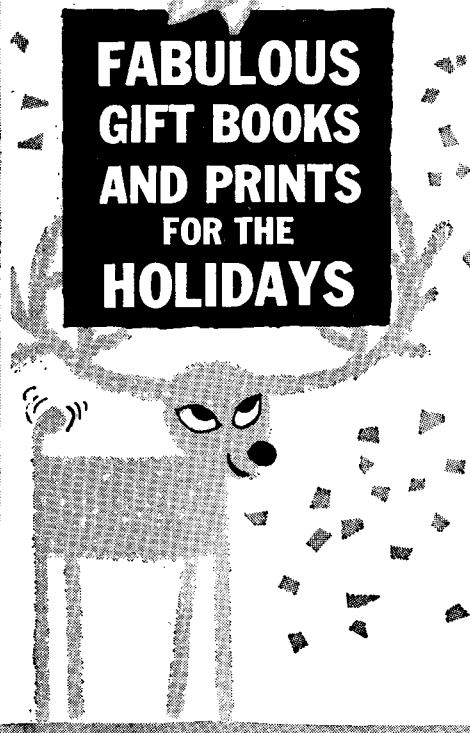

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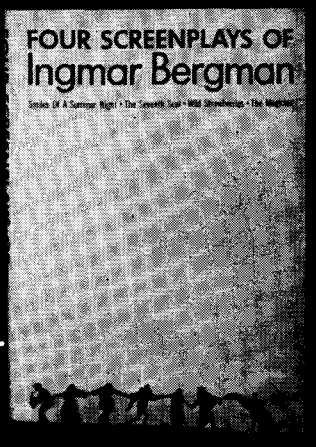

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TRADE Winds

IN TIPTON, IOWA, H. E. Clark was monitoring a conversation between his two sons. The younger one was telling why he was mad at a friend.

"All he does is chase girls," the boy said.

"Does he catch any of them?" his elder brother asked.

"Lots of them," answered the younger son.

"What does he do when he catches them?"

"He kisses them," his brother replied, with obvious disgust.

"How do they taste?" the elder son asked.

"Terrible." The younger son's face looked as though he had just bitten into an onion, according to his father's report.

"How do you know they taste terrible?" he was asked.

"Tried it," the boy answered.

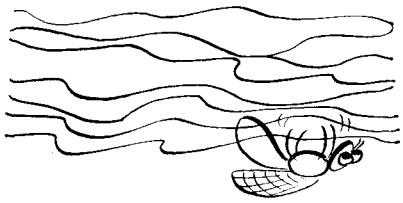
"Just once?"

"Naw, lots of times," he explained. "They all tasted terrible."

AUTHORS ARE continually coming up with new wrinkles, and "101 Experiments with Insects" (Doubleday) is one of the most unusual things I've seen. H. Kalmus, who wrote the book, has listed all sorts of unusual little stunts you can perform. All you have to do is catch your grasshopper, bee, moth, or whatever.

It's true that the experiments are often hard on the little creatures, but, after all, it's in the name of science. Just the same, some of the girls in the office here have formed a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bugs. But perhaps they're being overemotional.

Take No. 3, "Light Production by Fireflies." You catch your firefly, put him



in a jar, and then alternately immerse him in cold and hot water. When he's cold, he slows down the flashing. When he gets warm, he flashes faster and faster. Needless to say, it is interesting to watch but mighty disrupting to the sex life of the firefly.

Another experiment is "Activation of Insects by Human Breath." Just what it sounds like. Mosquitoes, flies, ants, and butterflies, when sleeping in the early morning, can be awakened by breathing on them. Well, it sounds like a terrible way to be roused, some great big human coming along and exhaling all over you.

Number 11 is "Killing a Fly with Cigarette Smoke." This is the one that started the formation of the SPCB. You have the fly in the test tube; you blow smoke on him, and "the fly will lose its ability to stand and may be seen lying on its back giving short rhythmical jerks with its legs."

That's nothing. Take 44, "Immobilization of a Dragonfly." Do you know how you can accomplish this? *You paint his eyes black.*

The local chapter of SPCB is out in full force now. They've got Experiment 102 planned. It's "Deactivation of a Scientist with Tar and Feather."

LOIS SCHRAG reports that her son has recently been skimping on his pledge of allegiance to the flag each morning in school. Coming from a family of Democrats, and fully aware of it during the campaign, young Rob proudly told his parents that he kept quiet at the part where you say, "and to the Republicans for which it stands."

SR's HENRY HEWES tells me that in a recent conversation at Sardi's (where else?) the irascible Broadway producer David Merrick told him:

"You're the worst drama critic in the business and Walter Kerr is the next worst!"

Mr. Merrick then revealed the name of the *best* critic in the business. But Henry won't tell me who it is. "I don't want to malign one of my colleagues," is his taunting refrain to Merrick's song of woe.

HERE ARE SOME excerpts from Professor Tom Burnam's dictionary of literary terms:

ASSONANCE: deliberate repetition of egregious ignorance.

FARCE: interest in remote places, characters, etc.

IAMBIC: written in the first person.

RHETORIC: a kind of Southern speech modeled after that of hero in "Gone With the Wind."

STANZA: any work written to be read on one's feet.

SETTING: opposite of stanza.

SYNECHDOCHE: city; E. New York; Mohawk valley literary center.

SOMETHING NEW in the way of acknowledgments and dedications is pre-

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THE CRITICS' CHOICE FROM A DISTINGUISHED PUBLISHING YEAR AT MACMILLAN...

fiction

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"John Knowles . . . is beyond question one of the ablest young American novelists to appear on the literary horizon in years. . . . His story is engrossing, humorous, poignant and touching." — *N. Y. Times* $3.50

BUTCHER'S CROSSING
by John Williams
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by Max Wilk
"One of the funniest . . . Max Wilk takes his place in the class of Peter DeVries and Max Shulman and at the head of the class, at that." — Al Capp $3.50

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by Donald Winks
"Mr. Winks . . . writes with fluency, wit and perception of the passing scene." — *N. Y. Times* $3.95

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by David Storey
Winner of the 1960 Macmillan Fiction Award. "The author of this impressive first novel is . . . an impressive and assured writer." *N. Y. Times Book Review* $3.95

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by Max Evans
"A little gem of a book—brief, salty, Mark Twain-ish in its vernacular, and as authentic as a Western saddle." — *N. Y. World-Telegram* $3.50

RETURN FARE
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THE DOLLAR DIPLOMA
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"Introduces an author with a rare combination of gifts—knowledge, wisdom, humor and genuine talent governed always by extraordinary discipline." — *Cleveland Press* $3.95

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"Combining Miss Kennedy's grace and skills as a novelist with her scholarship, it offers a fascinating glimpse of a time, place and people."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $3.95

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"[Recommended] if you want insight and help in order to read and take delight in Pound's difficult, imperishable poems." — *Chicago Sun-Times* $2.50

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"It is seldom that so fresh a piece of historical writing comes into view."–Allan Nevins "A monumental work of regional American history." — *N. Y. Times* $7.50

IS THERE AN AMERICAN IN THE HOUSE?
by David Cort
"A veritable bouquet of sharp writing . . . He makes the pen seem mightier than the sword again, and he refires all sorts of controversies." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $3.95

JANE ADDAMS: A CENTENNIAL READER
Edited by Emily Cooper Johnson
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ALL THE EMPEROR'S HORSES
by David Kidd
"Candid and droll, his chronicle of the days after Peking's 'liberation' is . . . apolitical, almost philosophical, always entrancing." — *Saturday Review* $3.50

THE FIT
by William Wood
"One of the few first novels of the year in which there is a firm quality to the firstness . . . William Wood has a superb ear for the sound and movement of language." — *Chicago Tribune* $4.50

WINE, WOMEN AND WOAD
by Ed Fisher
"A cheerfully satirical story of life in Ancient Rome."– *N.Y. Herald Tribune* $3.95

THE CORINTHIANS
by Nicholas E. Wyckoff
"With dignity and compassion . . . Wyckoff demonstrates again that he is a novelist of ability and serious intent." — *Chicago Tribune* $4.50

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by Frank Moraes
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history

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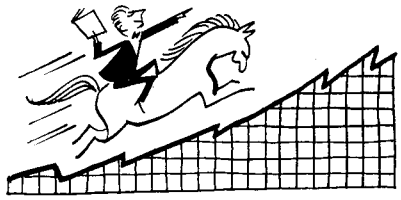
sented in Carl Winston's nutty book "How to Run a Million Into a Shoestring" (Putnam):

"I should be remiss indeed if I failed to acknowledge my indebtedness to the People's Savings Bank of Bridgeport, the Connecticut Light & Power Co., the Southern New England Telephone Co., Sears, Roebuck, Casey Fuel, Mullaney's Stationery, the West Redding Market, the Internal Revenue Department, and another creditor whose name is Morris H. Legion. The total is $17,886.05. Hi, Fellows!"

HEAR THOSE galloping hoofbeats? That's Sloan Wilson killing time until he's ready to start on a new novel. "A Sense of Values" has just appeared (by Wilson out of Harper) and the way the author feels now he could get going on the next book and have it done in a reasonable time.

"I'm afraid I have a dreadful facility," he confided to me. "It's easy to write a novel; but I want to do one only every three years."

So, in between, Wilson borrows King Solomon, the horse his daughter Becky



owns, and gallops around the bridle paths of Westchester County for hours every day.

Wilson is the happiest author I've seen in some time. He is even able to discuss without emotion such a touchy subject as the reviews his previous books received. Perhaps that's because the books have made him pots of money. It's true that many writers are galloping around bridle paths every day but Sloan Wilson is the only one I know who uses a horse.

"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" was not Wilson's first book. The first was "A Voyage to Somewhere," published in 1946. It received good reviews and sold 1,600 copies. Then came "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," which got all kinds of reviews and was a great success, as we know. "The Summer Place" came three years later.

"It got lousy reviews," Wilson says with a grin, "but sold like crazy. Of course, I do care a little about what people say. When I grow up—nine years and three books from now—maybe I won't care at all. But if I get panned for 'A Sense of Values' it won't bother me too much, because I feel I have written a good book, not the best I'm going to do, but I have a feeling of

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What is the answer to a mother's prayer?

WHAT mother never looks at her little boy and sees a man . . . never listens to her baby daughter and hears a woman's voice? What mother has never watched her children playing and silently prayed that she will be equal to the needs and problems of their youth and growing up?

She constantly strives to make her prayer come true. She sacrifices for it. She dedicates herself to it. She tries to guide without pushing . . . educate without forcing . . . shelter her children without hiding them from reality . . . love them without smothering. She does her best to set an example from which each child can learn to lead and enjoy a fruitful and happy life.

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*An officially recognized student political party at the University of California

improvement over the past. What delights me is that my fourth novel is my best. I don't have this business of a great success and then a tottering downhill for the rest of one's life."

If Sloan Wilson totters downhill, it will be in style. But as long as King Solomon is available, it appears to me he will continue charging uphill like Teddy Roosevelt.

MORE PROMINENT Englishmen are getting ready to write the stories of their lives. In fact, they are quite ready. All that's holding them up is a scarcity of unprominent ghost writers to do the dirty work. For that reason, Julian Bach reports from London, one publisher placed the following appeal in *The Times:*

Ghosts (literary)—London International Press is now compiling its sepulchral register in view of various distinguished memoirs in the offing, Please, only highly civilized ghosts with at least two literary successes. Letters treated in disembodied but strict confidence at 30, Old Burlington Street, W.1.

IDDZIES: Tomi Ungerer's new book of collages, "Horrible" (Atheneum), is delightfully horrible.

► More than twenty years ago James Webb Young spoke on "A Technique for Producing Ideas" before his class of graduate students in advertising at the University of Chicago Business School. His talk was then published in book form by *Advertising Age* and has become somewhat of a best-seller; the tiny sixty-page volume, still in print and still in demand, has sold 22,000 copies.

► Jerry Vale's nephew announced he was going outside to play ball with God.

"How do you play ball with God?" Jerry asked.

"Oh, it's easy," the boy replied. "I just throw the ball up and God throws it back down to me."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1393)

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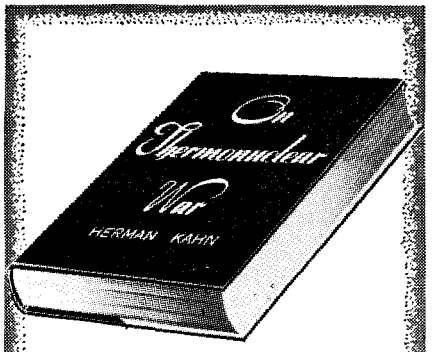
KHRUSHCHEV'S RUSSIA
(Suggested by Ethyl R. Grady)

For, if one thing is clear about Nikita Khrushchev, it is that he is deeply wounded in his pride by the continued squalor of Soviet life. He believes with passion in the Soviet Union. It is *his* Soviet Union. And it has to be made worthy of *him.*



ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR

By Herman Kahn

In spite of our horror at the thought, a major thermonuclear war is *not* an impossibility. If it happened, to what extent could a major power survive and recuperate? All the crucial phases of such a situation are explored in detail, followed by the author's recommendations for revising our policies on planning, armament, and civil defense. $10.00

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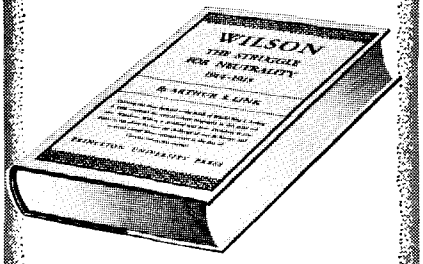

WILSON:
The Struggle for Neutrality, 1914-1915

By Arthur S. Link

Critics have called the two previous volumes in this life of Woodrow Wilson "a model of political biography" (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.), and "a capital piece of work, critical and judicious" (Henry Steele Commager). In this third volume, Mr. Link depicts the months of struggle in which Wilson, seen here in a more humanized light, labored patiently to avoid American entanglement in Europe's war. Illus. $10.00

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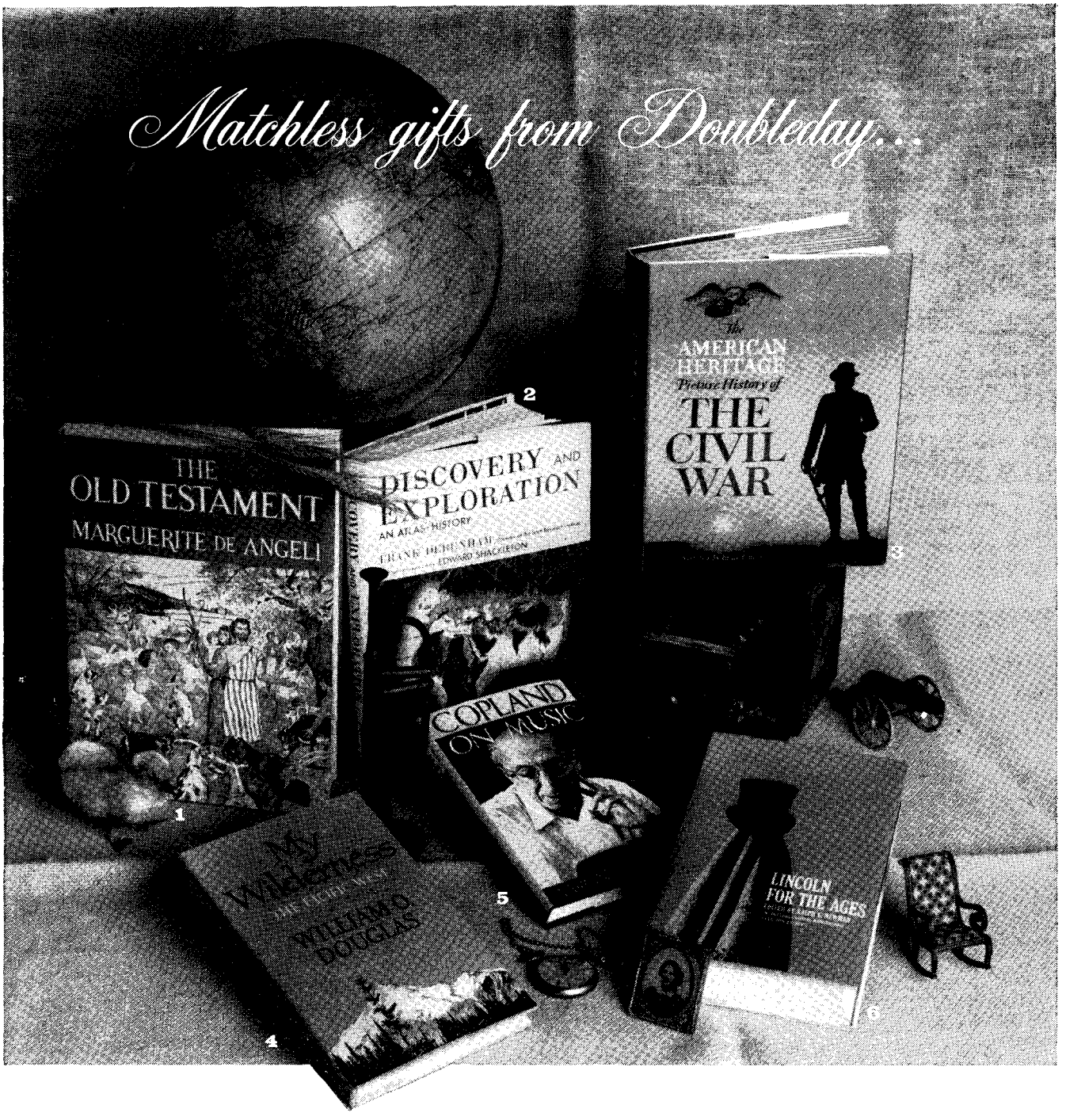

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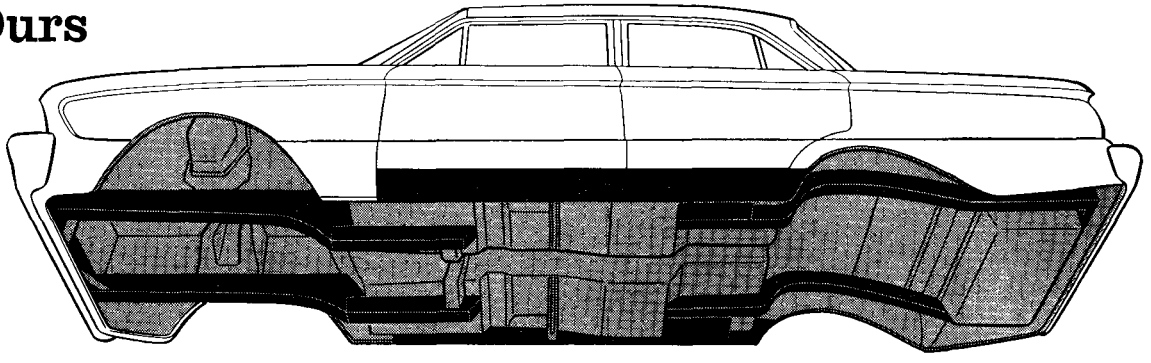
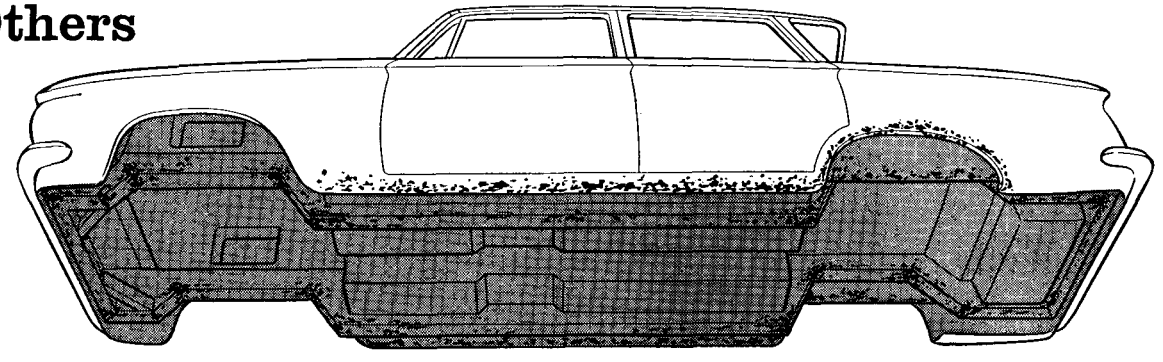


Others



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Saturday Review
DECEMBER 10, 1960

THE CREATIVE PENINSULA

By LOUIS FISCHER, *a leading authority on international affairs. Mr. Fischer, who is now at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, is the author of some twenty books, including "This Is Our World" and "Russia Revisited." The following article is a preview of his forthcoming book "Russia, America, and the World," scheduled to be published by Harper in January.*

EUROPE, the mother of wars, the mother of America, the mother of culture, seemed doomed after the Second World War. World power had been polarized toward the Soviet Union and the United States, leaving Europe as deflated politically as it was militarily, physically, and economically. Interest centered on emergent Asia and rumbling Africa. Europe looked like a shriveled old arthritic peninsula hanging limp from the bloated body of Asia.

In 1945 millions of Europeans lacked adequate food and housing and many more millions were unemployed. Jagged, blackened ruins faced whole cities on waking up and going to bed. Rubble filled the streets. Hope had collapsed.

Between 1914 and 1918, almost all destruction was confined to the battlefields and shipping. Between 1939 and 1945, hundreds of cities and thousands of industrial installations suffered withering damage. In the First World War the military casualties were enormous, the civilian victims few. In the second war millions of noncombatant men, women, and children died in air raids, in concentration camps, in gas ovens, and of starvation. Humanitarians and economists predicted that it would be a generation before Europe could crawl out from under the debris of the worst holocaust in the history of man.

Europe's recovery has exceeded all expectations in speed, extent, and solidity. Europe this side of the Soviet bloc is the most prosperous area of its size and population on the earth. Nineteen countries, counting approximately 400 million inhabitants, produce more and consume more than Russia plus her satellites and have richer trained manpower resources and potentially greater military power than the Soviet Union.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Marx and Macaulay, one a radical revolutionist, the other a conservative lord, despaired of prosperity and counseled dictatorship. The future of Europe looked as grim as its slums. Since then man has learned the secrets of production and distribution. Even the costliest of conflicts reversed the upward economic climb for a short time only. Materially, Europe is better off than ever.

"In the highly developed countries," Gunnar Myrdal, Swedish economist, notes in his book "Rich Lands and Poor," "all indices point steadily upward. . . . business slumps and depressions and even severe setbacks due to wars appear only as short-term waverings of the firmly rising long-term trend." This has been Europe's experience. Asia, Africa, and Latin America would benefit by studying it. The startling recovery of Europe in so short a time after so grievous a war is a lesson in the significance of engineering know-how, in the value of a skilled, industrious working class, in the importance of administrative capacity and stable government, and in the effectiveness of international economic cooperation when properly handled. The Marshall Plan primed the European pump. But European ingenuity, organization, and experience are responsible for the high level of progress achieved and maintained.

The act of Congress which authorized U.S. financing of the Marshall Plan stressed "the advantages which the United States has enjoyed through the existence of a large domestic market without trade barriers," and the amended act of April, 1949, stated concisely that it is "the policy of the people of the United Staetes to encourage the unification of Europe."

The United States wants to see a new Europe: united, strong, self-reliant, and not dependent on outside material or military assistance. Already most European nations do not need and do not receive U.S. economic help. Someday America's part in European coordinated defense arrangements may taper off to long-distance support. The key to the future of Europe is unity.

The unification of Western, Northern, and Southern Europe will be a slow, zigzagging process. But the process has commenced, and partial success has been achieved. This is the most creative phenomenon in world affairs. For it represents a new stage in the development of human society. Civilization witnessed the rise of city-states, of counties and principalities, and then of nation-states. Now Europe has conceived the international state. Europe is attempting to graduate from nationalism into internationalism.

Nationalism served useful cultural, economic, and political purposes. It

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also fostered many wars and ugly passions. It is a phase, an illness one might say, through which every people must pass. The sooner countries win national independence, the sooner will they evolve to the higher form of internationalism.

The folly of war and the passing of empire have ushered in Europe's new internationalist era. The world supremacy of Russia and America and the looming figure of China make competition within Europe grotesque. This radical political change marches hand in hand with sentiment. Two emotional shifts of transcendent importance have taken place: the closing of the gulf between France and Germany and the narrowing of the Channel between England and Europe.

Khrushchev pranced through France in 1960 attempting to stir ancient hatred by recalling the ravages of three German invasions in seventy years. His poison campaign failed to move the French people. Nobody took his bait of a Russo-French combination against Germany. France and Russia, de Gaulle told him, were allies "when, twice in the course of this century, their continent found itself menaced by an ambition without measure which has since then disappeared." Germany's ambition had disappeared; Russia's had appeared. The unlikelihood of a fourth German invasion made nonsense of further hate. Hatred was the effect of previous wars and preparation for another. The elimination of a possible war between France and Germany tends to extinguish the hate.

On November 28, 1959, Sydney Gruson reported from Bonn to the *New York Times* about a French physician who had spent four years in a Nazi concentration camp. Thereafter he refused to visit Germany. But in 1959 he did so. A friend asked why. "I thought it was time to come," the doctor replied, "when my son said to me, 'You know, father, so long as there are people who think as you do there will always be wars between us and the Germans.'"

The crimes committed by Nazi Germany before and during the war were so monstrous that not-forgiving leaves only one alternative: to ostracize. Ostracism would breed the very evils Europe and the world must avoid.

Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion talked for two hours with Adenauer in New York on March 14, 1960, after which the Jewish leader said, "I was glad to meet Chancellor Adenauer. My people cannot forget its past, but we remember the past not in order to brood upon it but in order that it shall never recur. I said in the Knesset [Israeli parliament] last summer that the Germany of today is not the Germany of yesterday. After having met the Chancellor I am sure the judgment was correct." The Nazi slaughter of 6,000,000 Jews is a living, continuing tragedy that rules out Jewish diplomatic doubletalk. The man of Jerusalem spoke from his heart. He did not forget. He was constructive. Faith in human corrigibility is therapeutic. Stubborn, static rejection is understandable as an emotion. As politics it is futile, barren, and harmful.

IN THE summer of 1960 thirty West German students, aged fifteen to eighteen, members of the World Peace Service, settled in the Greek village of Servia, destroyed with wanton cruelty by Hitler's army. The teenagers had volunteered to stay a year and build 800 houses, a reservoir, and a new irrigation system. This is the type of penance that cures. It spreads the truth at home and erects a bridge abroad.

The British attitude toward Germans has changed less than the French, but it has changed and is changing. An important accelerator of European unity is the shrinking of the English Channel. Psychologically the English Channel used to be as wide as the Atlantic Ocean. "Storm over Channel, Continent Isolated" was the way a famous London paper headlined its news. The "beastly" weather isolated the Continent, not England. When Britons crossed the Channel they were "going to Europe." They were not of Europe. The Channel made their country a mental island. Today, however, the island is visibly approaching the mainland. Mind alters geography. Anyone with imagination can see, before the end of the twentieth century, a tunnel and a bridge carrying goods and people, linking the British mind to the Continent and the Continent to Britain. At the opposite end of the Continent, a bridge across the Bosporus is to connect Asia with Europe. Before long, continents will be a geography-book fiction.

As technology revolutionizes man's concepts of speed, space, and time, politics and economics must keep in step or die of obsolescence. The real revolution of our age is not Communism—that is just the old dressed in prison garb on an express train—but jet propulsion, nuclear energy, and planetary navigation. These make national barriers look rather silly. Science is an agent of internationalism.

We are the witnesses of a remarkable reversal of roles in world affairs. The Communists were the original political internationalists and proponents of science as against religion. Today the Soviets use science as an implement but their outlook is not scientific. Having dethroned God, they filled a pantheon with many gods propped up by dogma. Doubt was anathema, false prophecy was preferred to hard facts. Under the same reactionary influence they became nationalists at home and imperialists abroad. The West, on the contrary, is slowly replacing obscurantism with science and nationalism with internationalism. Europe, encouraged by the United States, leads the way to its own unity. Stalin was and Khrushchev is a great help. Europe felt threatened and drew closer together. But even if the problems of waging and preventing war did not exist, there would still be an urgent need to end the fragmentation of Europe. Hence the interesting nature of NATO, which, although conceived as a military alliance, has, since its inauguration in 1949, become much more.

The originality of NATO lies in its not being a mere coalition, a mere concert of countries pledged by treaty to bring their separate military establishments to bear on an aggressor. NATO, in peacetime, integrates national contingents into a single standing international defense force with a view to war prevention and, if necessary, war waging. Its design is novel in that member states allow their military units to be commanded by nonnationals.

YEAR by year NATO has been building up a network of connecting tissue which, though essentially military, has economic connotations and political consequences. For instance, NATO recently completed and put in use a 3,000-mile underground pipeline with appropriate tanks capable of storing 1,000,000 tons of fuel for jet and propeller planes stationed on 160 NATO airfields. The pipeline, laid in Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, and Luxembourg, paid for—$200 million—by the fifteen members, is available to all of them. It is international in the additional sense that no taxes or customs duties are levied on the liquid that passes through it. Separate NATO pipelines operate in Greece, Turkey, Denmark, Norway, and Italy.

No democratic alliance can be a bed of roses. It is more like a Procrustean bed of nails on which all members refuse to lie down simultaneously. The remarkable thing is not that NATO has encountered trouble but that it works at all. And it has worked.

One would expect, and one actually finds, smoother progress toward internationalism in the economic realm, for trade between countries is ancient history, and modern industry needs raw materials, patents, markets, and fi-

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nances not always available within national frontiers.

On March 19, 1951, delegates from France, Italy, Germany, and Benelux (Belgium, Netherlands, Luxembourg) signed a fifty-year treaty establishing the Coal and Steel Community with a view to eliminating national restrictions on commerce in coal and steel, standardizing production, and redirecting workers. It was assumed that some weak companies would founder in consequence of the abolition of frontiers. Private interests might suffer. The citizens of the Community were sure to benefit.

The Community set up a High Authority as its chief executive body with instructions to oppose coal and steel cartels that fixed prices, controlled markets, and monopolized raw materials. The Community also created a special council of cabinet ministers of the six nations, a Community Assembly consisting of members of parliament of the six countries which would meet annually, and a Court of Justice of seven judges to rule on treaty violations.

When Monnet, the French government's leading economist, took office as president of the High Authority, he said the Community was "an important step toward the eventual unification of Europe, which is its only salvation." Secretary of State Dean Acheson called the Community "the first major step toward the unification of Europe."

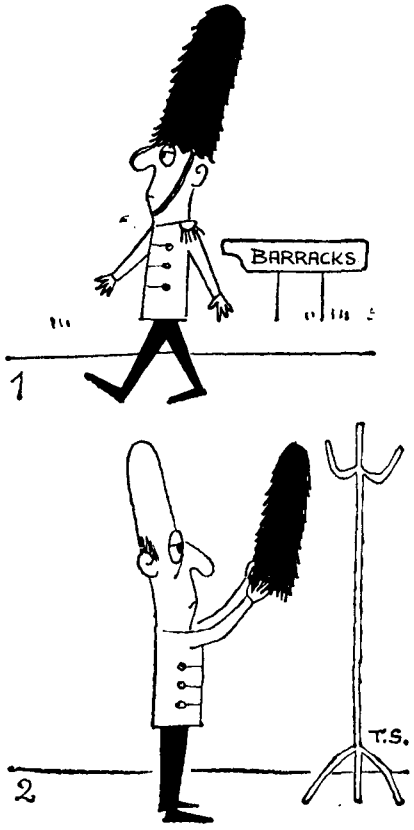
Economic in practice, the Coal and Steel Community is thus political in concept. It could not be otherwise. Politics are involved the moment nations agree to lower or efface national frontiers for persons or commodities.

The Parliamentary Assembly of the Coal and Steel Community held its last annual session in Strasbourg on February 28, 1958, and was absorbed into the European Parliamentary Assembly of the New European Economic Community, or Common Market, and of the European Atomic Energy Community, or Euratom. The Common Market and Euratom embrace the same six countries—France, Germany, Italy, and Benelux. As constituted by the Rome Treaty of March 25, 1957, both bodies are intergovernmental and operate under a Council of Ministers recruited from high officials of the several nations. In this case, again, an economic enterprise was found to require an international political superstructure.

The Common Market proposes to abolish all tariffs and customs between the member states and to coordinate all their economic activities. The many become one for industry, finance, and trade—an economic United States. The effect would be to standardize, to rationalize, and to eliminate duplication and the waste of labor, time, and materials. This is the plan. Fulfilment, its authors claim, requires twelve to fifteen years.

NEXT to the United States of America, the Six, as the Common Market is called, are the biggest producer-consumer in the world. This gives them tremendous power. It also frightens nonmembers. For the Six will not merely lower and ultimately scrap tariff barriers; they will erect a tariff barrier around the entire territory against outsiders. England and other countries saw this as a threat: they would be excluded, in whole or part, from a very rich market. Under British leadership, accordingly, the European Free Trade Area was organized, consisting of the United Kingdom, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Austria, Switzerland, and Portugal, known as the Seven. They did not intend to coordinate their economies after the manner of the Six. They proposed to deal with tariff duties only.

The Seven were conceived as a protective association against the effects of the unification of the Six—a platform for negotiation. In fact, at the instance of Austria, Denmark, and Switzerland,



according to Austrian Foreign Minister Bruno Kreisky, in the *New Leader* of April 25, 1960, the preamble of the European Free Trade Association's original Stockholm Agreement gives its aim as "European-wide integration." Already Great Britain, the bastion of the Seven, is moving toward the Six.

"Nothing can exempt us for long from what is happening in Europe," writes J. T. Beresford, a farmer and specialist on farm problems, in the London *Times* agricultural supplement of July 5, 1960. "There is no exemption from the future. We have now to meet the situation as we find it. As a nation we have lost our big chance of leadership in Europe." This may be true because the day of leader nations is gone—even for the United States. England can, however, still be a partner. As long ago as August 17, 1957, the London *Economist* said, "Britain's economic and political future does lie more and more with Europe," and on March 5, 1960, "Resisting unification of Europe would be tantamount to flying in the face of the forces of salutary change."

Nevertheless, Englishmen did resist. Moscow, having vainly courted France, might, some argued, be more successful with an offer to reunify Germany on condition that she become a totalitarian ally of Russia. Irrespective of the cogency of this proposition—and it does not seem to reflect reality—the certain disaster for the West if it were true would dictate a policy of prevention through tighter unity. "Our policy," Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick wrote in his *Times* article, "must be firmly directed towards helping . . . to anchor Germany in the western block. We should be in a better position to do this if we were more closely associated with Europe." West Germany and France and Italy, Britons have declared, are not as democratic or law-abiding as England. Great Britain is undoubtedly the most democratic of the big powers and the equal in democracy of the best of the small states—say Switzerland. But the Frenchman's daily way of life is the essence of freedom, no matter what his government has done so far. German democracy, all its inadequacies notwithstanding, has a stability it never had between the two wars. If Nazism was the ugly offspring of 6,000,000 unemployed and nationalistic aggressiveness, its chances of revival are nil. Conscious of her bad past, West Germany, when she joined the Western European Union in 1954, voluntarily renounced the manufacture of large weapons like tanks and bombers and of atomic, chemical, and bacteriological

(*Continued on page* 72)

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The Shorter, Short Novels

By Granville Hicks

THE SHORT novel, the novelette, the novella, the *nouvelle* cannot be defined except as E. M. Forster, following Abel Chevalley, defined the novel: "a fiction in prose of a certain extent." The difference is, of course, that the extent of the novella is limited at both ends. It must be, one can say arbitrarily, more than 20,000 words and less than 50,000, and that is the only prerequisite about which one can be dogmatic.

Sometimes the length seems accidental: the author, one feels, might have treated his theme, his *donée* as Henry James would have said, either more briefly or more fully. But sometimes the length has the air of inevitability. Henry James achieved this happy result remarkably often. I do not see how anyone could want "The Turn of the Screw," "The Author of Beltraffio," or "The Aspern Papers," to name only three, to be either a word shorter or a word longer. Elizabeth Spencer's "The Light in the Piazza" (*SR*, Nov. 26) is right in the same way; it falls exactly and unmistakably between too little and too much.

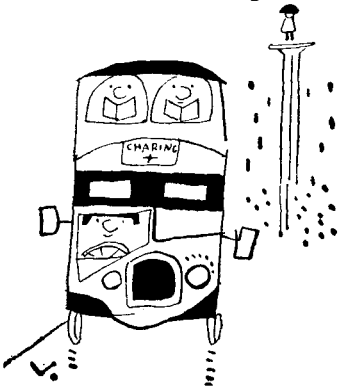
Publishers are often inclined to boggle at the novella, and it is encouraging to note that this season, in addition to "The Light in the Piazza," which is published by itself, we have three collections of short novels. None of the four to be found in H. E. Bates's **"The Grapes of Paradise"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75) is a notable example of the novella, but all are adroit. Bates is a skilful writer if not a deeply committed one, and he has a gift for the creation of atmosphere whether he is writing about a British seaside town as in "An Aspidistra in Babylon" or about an Italian resort as in "A Month by the Lake" or about a South Pacific island as in the title story. Although his plots are not always perfectly plausible and his characters are never realized in any profound way, he manages to be entertaining.

Alfred Hayes is a more serious writer, and each of the three novellas in **"The Temptation of Don Volpi"** (Atheneum, $3.50) is worth reading and thinking about. The title story portrays an Italian priest who, as the narrator first encounters him, seems to be the stuff that saints are made of. But Don Volpi is also capable of a great and completely carnal passion, and it is his attempt to resolve the conflict between flesh and spirit that gives the novella its point. If the climax is not so moving as one feels it ought to be, that may be because Hayes has tried too hard.

Certainly he has tried too hard or has attempted too much in "The Gondola," which seems to have been suggested by the Scottsboro case. The narrator, a lawyer employed by some civil liberties organization, tells how he finds and questions the boy and girl who were the principal witnesses in the prosecution of three Negroes. The pace is well maintained, and the revelation of the truth is dramatic, but again Hayes seems to do less than he wants to do.

Desperation is the theme of all the stories (in "The Beach at Ocean View" the desperation of a mother who has lost her child). Reconstructing the chain of events that led to the tragedy, the mother testifies to the vulnerability of love and the meaninglessness of life. As in the other stories, Hayes tries to achieve the largest possible significance, and here too he falls a little short of the mark he has ambitiously set.

In his foreword to **"Sermons and Soda-Water"** (Random House, 3 vols. boxed, $5.95) John O'Hara observes that each of the three novellas could have been made into a full-length novel. He chose the shorter form, he says, because he wanted to, which is a good reason. In the second place, he explains, he is a child of the twentieth century and it is his ambition "to record the way people talked and thought and felt, and to do it with complete honesty and variety." So, while he is preparing to write another hefty novel, he has, as he puts it, "written these novellas from memory, with a minimum of research." Remembering his recent novels, I am grateful for his decision.



The title comes from Byron:

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

All three of the stories are told from the point of view of the day after. That is, the narrator, Jim Malloy, is looking back from the sober present to the not so sober past. Malloy, whose career closely parallels O'Hara's, has an active part in each of the narratives, but he is primarily the observer, the man who keeps his eyes open, the man in whom others confide. And now, as he tells his stories, he is the man who knows how it all came out and can evaluate the failures and the successes.

The novellas cover considerable territory. "Imagine Kissing Pete," the story of a marriage that in the long run turned out better than anyone could have expected, is laid in Gibbsville, the Pennsylvania city that was the scene of O'Hara's first novel, "Appointment in Samarra." Much of the action of "The Girl on the Baggage Truck" takes place in New York night clubs and in the Long Island home of a very rich family. "We're Friends Again" moves from New York to Boston to Washington. The time ranges from the late Twenties to the present.

As always, the two things that O'Hara is interested in are money and sex, with sex well out in front. Two of the stories deal with unhappy marriages, and all of them are full of infidelities. There are also inexplicable but irresistible attachments, for O'Hara can be romantic as well as clinical. Long before Kinsey began his study, O'Hara was making his own researches into the sexual habits of Americans, and his findings are an important part of his contribution to social history.

"We're Friends Again," which involves several love affairs, seems too complicated, but the other two move rapidly and surely. The great value of the form for O'Hara lies in the fact that it compels him to omit most of the documentation that is his pride and the despair of many of his critics. No one has a better eye for the significant detail than O'Hara, but as a rule, not trusting that detail to do its work, he backs it up with a mass of trivia. Here, as in some of his early work, he makes a little count for a lot. He is not a master of the novella; these are, as he admits, condensed novels. But the condensation is skilfully done. It has been some time since I have enjoyed anything of O'Hara's as much as I have these novellas, and I do not expect to take the same sort of pleasure in that "longer, longest" novel he promises.

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Rain nor Sleet nor Politics

"U.S. Mail: The Story of the United States Postal Service," by Arthur E. Summerfield as told to Charles Hurd *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 243 pp. $5), and* ***"Mailman USA," by William C. Doherty*** *(McKay. 308 pp. $4.50), discuss the country's P.O. service from opposing points of view. Edward N. Mayer, Jr., is vice president of the Dickie-Raymond Company.*

By Edward N. Mayer, Jr.

THERE is a story making the Washington circuit that is probably no more accurate than most Washington stories. Seems that Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield discovered through his Postal Inspection Service (the police force of the P.O.) that William Doherty, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, was writing a book. The story goes on to say that Summerfield decided he, too, had to have a book to make certain that "his" side of the story was told.

Whether or not the story is true, "Mailman USA," by William C. Doherty, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, and "U.S. Mail: The Story of the United States Postal Service," by Arthur E. Summerfield as told to Charles Hurd, must inevitably invite comparison.

As the books unfold there is probably a good deal of the two men's philosophy showing. Summerfield, with the help of Hurd, has put together his historical essay on the postal system with a heavy dash of Pollyanna and an inability to believe that anything that happened in the P.O. prior to 1953 was good, or anything that has happened since 1953 has been very bad. He tells the story of the desperate need for revitalization of the postal service through, and only through, turning it into a sound business organization.

Doherty, on the other hand, makes no bones about the fact that he is the president of a successful and powerful labor union. He fully and frankly discusses his lobbying activity with the Congress in order to achieve higher salary scales for the men who make up the membership of his union.

It seems to this reviewer that Doherty does a much more human and knowledgeable job of telling the story of the postal service than does Summerfield.

Both men agree pretty well on the problems that faced Summerfield when he took over the Office of the Postmaster General. But they agree on little else. Summerfield immediately assigned himself a mission. A mission of turning a loosely woven, carelessly operated public service organization into, at worst, a public utility and, at best, a hard-bitten, efficiently operated organization that would show a profit.

But Summerfield forgot and would have his readers forget that the very nature of the Post Office makes it impossible that it be run as a real business. One doesn't have to quote Doherty to know that better than two-thirds of all local Post Offices do not take in sufficient revenue to cover the the salaries paid to their employees.

It is only too well known that the Post Office has been, since the days of its first Postmaster General, Benjamin Franklin, the hiding place for political bones that couldn't be buried anywhere else. Offices have been established in order to pay off political debts. Men have been given appointments who would have no other possible way of making a living.

Doherty has a mission too; nor does he attempt to hide it. But it seems more human and understandable as he traces the history of postal salaries. His union has been fighting since the late Nineties in order to get postal carrier salaries up to at least a livable level.

These two dedicated men seem to be talking about and writing about two different Post Offices. One (Doherty) seems to believe in service and people—the other (Summerfield) in costs and profits and rates, with service and people relegated to a back row in the second balcony.

Both men agree (Doherty rather grudgingly) that Summerfield has done an outstanding job in rectifying many of the stupidities of past postal administrations—that is, rectifying them in the sense of securing better equipment, inaugurating research programs, and starting to install modern electronic equipment. But the agreement stops right there.

Summerfield, who obtained his job as Postmaster General on the basis of his ability as the successful campaign manager for General Eisenhower in the 1952 election, gets completely lost in a desire for a business operation while refusing to admit the public service characteristics of the government department he operates. He goes out of his way to castigate every single individual who has ever, in any way, objected to any of the things that he has tried to do. Those who have appeared before a Congressional Postal Committee to discuss postal rates are characterized as "politically powerful users of the Second and Third Class privileges who are determined to perpetuate the subsidies they enjoy. They particularly like the postal type subsidy because in operation it does not come to them as an outright subsidy payment but rather in the form of Uncle Sam

—From "U.S. Mail."

At left: In 1827 one section of the N.Y.C. Post Office was reserved exclusively for ladies. (Above) Automatic parcel-post acceptance machine.

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picking up the tab for a considerable part of their postal bill.

"Certain of the large magazine publishers therefore can go on criticizing outright government subsidies to other groups while they enjoy their own sight unseen.

"The pressures exerted by these groups, especially upon important members who have great influence on some key committees in Congress have been largely responsible for the failure of Congress to put postal services on the proper basis of payment."

Not so William Doherty, who says:

> The American people have been lulled to sleep. They have actually forgotten what really good mail service can be like, and they have taken second-class mail service for granted, almost as if such a thing as first-class service were unattainable. However, if any Postmaster General ever wanted to really win the heart of the country he could, by a stroke of his pen, reestablish the second delivery in residential areas and he would become a hero overnight. He would find that the American people would respond to good mail service a great deal more favorably than they do to imaginary Post Office savings . . . The American people want their Post Office to be a service, not a cold-blooded business concern or a public utility. They do not want the service to be operated with wild extravagance, but they do want to see it operated with the emphasis on service rather than on penny-pinching.

Doherty's book is replete with his own analysis of well-known political figures. Some of them, as you might suspect, do not fare too well. However, he does have many kind words for one particular Postmaster General—Will Hays. Doherty says, "The Post Office Department is badly in need of another Will Hays at the helm. It is in need of a man who will be passionately interested in the improvement and refinement of the service rather than in cutting financial corners. . . ."

To those of us who use the mail for business reasons and/or advertising purposes it is no secret that the service we receive is not even commensurate with the old rates we paid, not to mention the new ones. It is patently impossible to tie the question of rates and wages together. The Congress for years has been attempting to determine just how much of the postal service should be charged off to the general welfare of the public and how much should be paid for under an acceptable accounting system. Summerfield makes no comment about the many questions that have been raised by reputable accounting organizations as to the system of accounting he uses. Doherty, however, would have you believe that everything is all right so long as the mail carrier is paid a better-than-living wage with sound benefits and an opportunity for fairly rapid advancement.

Somewhere along the line there is a middle ground. Someday, a President, regardless of party, will have to make a decision concurred in by Congress that the Post Office really does need revitalization. It has started to get some under Summerfield but not nearly as much as it should have had.

Summerfield, with all of his great attributes and all of his "successes," will probably leave behind him a postal service that, though better in a physical sense, is much worse in its employee and Congressional relations. Doherty, who revels in the fact that no postal administration can go on forever, will undoubtedly continue his successful lobbying tactics. He should, for he has done a superb job for his 125,000 members—and in a strange way for the Post Office and the American public.

Both books are well worth reading. Between the two you'll find the real story of the Post Office Department and how it should be operated.

Advice for a Troubled Society

"The Other Side of Jordan: Negroes Outside the South," by Harry S. Ashmore *(Norton. 155 pp. $3.50), explores the world of America's colored citizens. Carl T. Rowan wrote "Go South to Sorrow" and "The Pitiful and the Proud."*

By Carl T. Rowan

ONE OF the most saddening aspects of the racial turmoil that has engulfed most of the Deep South in recent years has been the rather sorry performance of the press. Except for the politicians, who can offer hope of personal gain as their excuse, no segment of that troubled society has shown more irresponsibility and cowardice than the editors whose task it is to inform and lead the public.

There are a few exceptions to this indictment. One is South Carolina-born Harry Ashmore, the author not only of this book, but of several other noteworthy contributions to understanding of a subject that occupies an inordinate amount of time and thought in a society that ought to be involved in more productive pursuits.

What separates Harry Ashmore from all but a handful of the white journalists of our Southland? This book indicates that one major difference is the fact that somewhere, somehow, someone educated Ashmore to an understanding of the futility of worshiping either a dead past or a dying status quo, something most of the South shows an almost fatalistic unwillingness to face up to. If the majority of the editors of the South had displayed as much common sense, compassion, knowledge of history, or simple honesty as Ashmore exhibits in the fourteen pages of his introduction alone, the South probably would not be caught up today in a situation where the disgusting and futile mob scenes of Little Rock are repeated a few years later in New Orleans—and seem destined to be repeated elsewhere.

I must add that if newspaper editors in cities like Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, and Detroit shared Ashmore's straightforward concern about "the race problem" these cities would be far more able to cope with the increasingly troubled conditions that plague our great industrial centers.

But that, of course, is asking men to think about a problem where by custom they merely emote. Ashmore points out that there is a rational solution:

> . . . simply to treat the Negro as we treat everyone else and permit him to find his own level in a society presumably based on equalitarian concepts of freedom and justice. But unhappily this is an emotional, not a rational matter. White people come to it equipped with a full set of formless fears and out of these, almost everywhere in the world, they have fashioned racist philosophies and restrictive social devices. These, naturally, are hard on the Negro, but they are also hard on the white man.

I read Ashmore's book with the feeling that its chief value may be its potential for further enlightening those white Americans who are beginning to realize just how hard on *themselves* these formless fears and restrictive policies really are.

Some Negroes may resent Ashmore as a white man who "went slumming and wrote a book about it"; others will criticize as "condescension" what Ashmore believes is compassion. All this is to be expected—and regarded not too

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seriously—in a time when thousands of Negroes lurk at the brink of bitterness, suspicious even of black men who offer anything other than blusterous tirades against the more ignorant element of the white community.

But no thinking American can ignore the fact that our country is in a time of troubles, and that the most severe challenges involve passions of race and color. We can emerge triumphant from our time of troubles only if America's leaders have the information and understanding that permit them to meet these problems of race boldly and wisely. This book will help to give them that information.

"The Other Side of Jordan" is not all that it could be—probably not all that Ashmore wanted it to be. It is small, and it covers too many aspects of minority group life in the North to be regarded as a depth study of anything. The author himself apologizes for the fact that it is journalism rather than literature. But if this is a shortcoming in some respects, it is an advantage in others, for the sparkling portions of the book are those in which Ashmore's talent as a journalist (the ear that picks up the remark that is both provocative and meaningful, the eye that observes the small differences in environment that depress youngsters rather than inspire) are most obvious.

One could criticize the book, for example, by saying that it discusses far too briefly that preacher-politician Adam Clayton Powell, whose eloquent utterances so often add murkiness to the river of racial conflict. Yet, Ashmore offers from a Negro politician one quotation that tells about as much about the Harlem Congressman as a volume could say:

> I still like Adam. It's hard not to like him. He'll cut your throat if it suits his convenience, and the truth is not always in him. But with all of that, there really isn't any malice in the fellow. Sometimes I think that *may be part of the problem—that he* just doesn't really care enough about anything except Adam Clayton Powell.

Ashmore writes of Negroes outside the South with perception uncommon to white men, a qualification justified by his own honest admission that there is much he does not, perhaps cannot, know about the world of America's colored citizens. The refreshing thing is that he looks to learn, whereas most white Southerners look at race relations in the North only with the hope of proving that everyone else is just as bigoted as they. Ashmore speaks from the standpoint of a man who sees which way the tide of history is rolling.

PERSONAL HISTORY

The Truth About a Legend

"Rosenbach: A Biography," by Edwin Wolf 2nd with John Fleming *(World. 588 pp. $10), tell the whole truth about the fabulous "Rosy," a scholar who became the most spectacularly successful bookseller of the twentieth century. Philip C. Duschnes has run his own rare books shop in New York City for the last three decades.*

By Philip C. Duschnes

CERTAINLY in the field of rare books there has been no dealer more prominent than the late Dr. Abraham S. W. Rosenbach, "Rosy" to many; and the half-truths, near-truths, untruths, rumors, and rumors of rumors that have persisted about him have been endless. At last, in this work by Edwin Wolf 2nd and John F. Fleming —two men who have known and worked with Dr. Rosenbach for many years—the truth is told. Now we know—and the guessing and second-guessing are over.

"Dr. R.," as portrayed in this volume, was first of all a scholar. His doctorate was earned in 1901, at the University of Pennsylvania, for the research and bibliographical qualities in his thesis, "The Influence of Spanish Literature in Elizabethan and Stuart Drama." He was extraordinarily competent, and, as Edwin Wolf points out, "if he had not turned bookseller [Rosenbach] might have been one of the great professors of literature in American academic life."

At the insistence of his brother Philip, Abraham became a bookseller, and the story behind this metamorphosis is the most revealing in the volume. Perhaps the greatest salesman of his time, Rosy no doubt would have achieved success in any field that he chose. But he was fortunate that he began his career as a dealer in rare books in the golden era of book collecting, in the days of both J. P. Morgan and of Henry E. Huntington, before heavy income taxes had their effect on personal budgets. However, fortune was not all; Rosy was courageous. Moreover, he had the knowledge to back his hunches and the imagination to move with and frequently anticipate the times.

Abraham S. Rosenbach — "He never forgot to be a showman."

Spectacular the doctor was, and he never forgot to be a showman. No matter how unimportant the person who called at his shop, there would be something said or done to make an impression. It might be to shout to a secretary, "Has that cable come from London yet?" Or he might usher the visitor into his vault and brag about his four perfect Shakespeare folios, or his many copies of works printed by William Caxton. In the main this conceit was justified for he not only had the books (it is said that at one time his inventory was $10,000,000—greater than that of Macy's), but he was able to place them in the most important collections in the world. Later on conditions were not so good; yet he would never admit this. "Things are pretty tough," he might say; "it's awfully hard to sell a $50,000 book every day now."

The tales that are told here are priceless. Some are generally known, but most are recounted for the first time, and without reticence, whether about his business or personal life. All of the "deals" are included: the purchase of the original manuscript of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and the later repurchase and presentation of the manuscript to the people of Great Britain—up to and including the true story behind the purchase of the Bay Psalm Book for $151,000, and how it was, or was not, paid for.

Besides the protagonist, there are several heroes in this saga, among them Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., Lessing J.

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Rosenwald, and, in earlier days, Harry E. Widener, John B. Stetson, Jr., and William L. Elkins. But there is one villain—his brother Philip. I am sure that there will be many who will support Philip and with some justice, but you won't find much defense in this volume.

The elder of the two by thirteen years, Philip dominated Abraham always. This was natural when one considers the doctor's upbringing in a religious family and community in Philadelphia in the late nineteenth century. When their parents died, the younger Rosenbachs, in true tradition and in need of guidance, accepted the oldest brother as the head of the family. Abraham went along with this custom, and to the day he died accepted Philip's censure, and even abuse. Although in his ventures for The Rosenbach Company Philip frequently lost money on his investments in art and antique furniture, he relied on Abraham to make up these losses through the phenomenally successful sale of manuscripts and rare books. Rosy always deferred to his elder brother, often, as the authors point out, to the hindrance of the business.

The Rosenbach Company was often in financial difficulties, and the manner in which the brothers met these crises is hair-raising. Of the many humorous tales, and there are many, one that will appeal to anyone who has ever written or ever received a dunning letter is about a printing bill of some $500, which was years overdue. William Edwin Rudge, the printer, wrote a sympathetic and understanding letter, a masterpiece of its kind, mentioning "the universal economic depression." "We know," he said, "the difficulties you encounter in the collection of your outstanding items," and, continuing along this vein, concluded, "May we, under the existing conditions, ask you to make a special effort at this time to, at least, send us a check on account?" The letter brought action all right, but not the action the writer hoped for. Philip Rosenbach penciled on the bottom of the letter, "Use with changes for [our] dunning letters."

There is much information, much truth, and a fair portion of gossip in this book. One of the best stories is about the question asked of Sir Joseph Duveen and Dr. Rosenbach by Henry E. Huntington while he lay supine on a hospital bed. But I shall not spoil the authors' party in telling that here. Buy the book and read it for yourself. This advice is given not only to bibliophiles but also to the general reader, who will, I am certain, enjoy this biography of Dr. Rosenbach, and pass on his excitement to others.

Men Behind the Huddle

"Knute Rockne: The Story of the Greatest Football Coach Who Ever Lived," by Francis Wallace *(Doubleday. 286 pp. $3.95), and* ***"You Have to Pay the Price," by Earl Blaik with Tim Cohane*** *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 406 pp. $4.95), reveal the personal magnetism of two of America's generals of the gridiron. Former sports writer for the New York World, Quentin Reynolds is the author of "Known But to God."*

By Quentin Reynolds

DURING World War I, Georges Clemenceau was quoted as saying, "This war is much too important to be fought by generals." As it developed, he was absolutely right. In the final analysis it was the millions of civilians quickly trained to fight who tipped the scales and by their preponderance of numbers brought our team home in front.

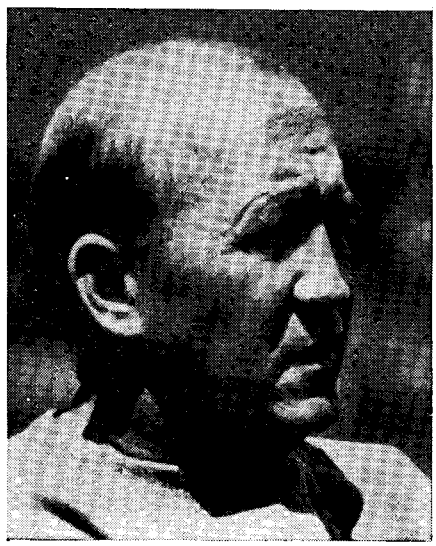
It is quite a different thing in college football if you are to believe "Knute Rockne," by Francis Wallace, or "You Have to Pay the Price," by Earl H. Blaik with the expert help of Tim Cohane, sports editor of *Look*. Rockne and Blaik were undoubtedly two of the greatest football coaches who ever lived, and if you don't happen to know the difference between a Flying Wedge and a Winged-T Formation, you can still enjoy the stories of these two very remarkable men. Football to them was much too important to be played by college boys. The players themselves were always pawns on a chessboard to be maneuvered by the mastermind who coached the team.

The late Knute Rockne and Earl Blaik were two generals who fought the football wars brilliantly and so successfully that, although we aficionados of the game have long since forgotten the all-American players whom they developed, we remember and talk about their teams as the "Rockne team of '30" or the "Red Blaik team of '49."

Let's consider the Rockne book first. Ever since 1923, when he was an undergraduate, Francis Wallace has been carrying on a fervent love affair with Notre Dame. He is one of the few men who had the complete confidence of the coach whom they called "the Swede" (Rockne was actually born in Norway). His book is the definitive story of the man he worshipped as a coach and respected greatly as a friend, but Wallace is also honest enough to reveal the minor weaknesses of the "Rock."

Rockne, whose tragic death in a plane crash in 1931 shocked the nation, was, as Wallace says, "a man of many talents." He was also a complete "ham" whose between-the-halves pep talks to his players have made gridiron history.

My complete admiration for Earl



Knute Rockne and Earl Blaik—maneuvered the players like chess pawns.

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Blaik as a man and my respect for him as a dedicated coach make it impossible for me to judge his book objectively. That he is one of the greatest of all football coaches is too well established to have to be repeated. That he is quite a wonderful American who taught his boys more than football is something that only those of us who have known him can attest. "Red" Blaik always had an almost reverential concept of football as a molder of men. His wonderfully adept title, "You Have to Pay the Price," is, in essence, his philosophy of football.

Football players at West Point are given no advantages that other members of the Corps do not enjoy. Their practice periods are limited; they have to maintain high scholastic standards. Yet despite these apparent handicaps Blaik made an amazing football record there.

Of course, when the name Red Blaik comes up among football men, the unhappy incident of the ninety cadets who were expelled in 1951 because of "cribbing" is invariably discussed. Thirty-seven of these were football players, which, of course, wrecked Blaik's football program for the following three years. Now, for the first time, Blaik tells the whole story. Never one to pull punches, he bitterly criticizes not the boys involved, but the system of having one regiment take an examination on Monday and a second regiment take the same examination on a Tuesday. He points out that it was inevitable that some of the boys who took the first examination would discuss the questions to be asked the next day. The system, incidentally, was changed a year later.

Red Blaik's eloquent defense of the boys who were dismissed is a measure of his own fine character. After the incident there was great pressure put upon him to resign. Blaik felt that if he did that he would, in effect, be turning his back on the boys whom he felt were merely victims of an absurd system and who were given brutal punishments. He stayed on and had the support of General Douglas MacArthur, who wrote:

> There was no real need for the cribbing scandal that wrecked West Point football. It could have been settled quickly, quietly, by a reprimand from the superintendent. That was all that would have been needed except in the case of perhaps two of the boys. And they could have been helped by a kick in the pants.

If I had a son I would love to have him play football under Red Blaik. Here is a coach who has a wonderful gift for turning boys into men.

FICTION

On Understanding Africa

Margaret Laurence—"warm humanity and a relentlessly straight eye."

"This Side Jordan," by Margaret Laurence *(St. Martin's Press. 304 pp. $4.50), depicts the turmoil that besets those who live and hope and dream in a constantly changing Africa. English historical novelist Mary Renault wrote "The King Must Die" and "The Last of the Wine."*

By Mary Renault

CAN IT be possible that the African race novel is at last maturing? We seen to have spent the past ten years upon a creaking treadmill of Black is Good, White is Bad, varied only by the grinding of old gears as some operator goes peevishly into reverse. When, almost unbelievably, a book appears about real black and white people living real lives in a context of racial flux, one feels like holding one's breath.

Miss Laurence however, though a rare visitant, is not a shy one nor easily scared. A writer of great delicacy and feeling towards human beings, she is brutal to clichés, both literary and ideological. Not one is sacred to her, even the most fashionable; she tramples them in her path like a charging rhino, with splendid results.

No real novel has ever been, or ever will be, wrung from a scene of racial tensions by a writer to whom people are top-dogs or under-dogs before they are human souls. The product of this fallacy is an emotional purge in which the under-dog is credited with every virtue the author wishes he had or thinks he has, and the top-dog with all he hated most in whoever got the edge on him from his school days up. (If he is a top-dog man, the basic process will still be much the same.) The mischief of it is that life imitates art, and in this field the imitation can be deadly. It should never, never be forgotten that the platteland Afrikaner of today was the under-dog of 1900.

Miss Laurence has no such innocence. She has lived in Ghana, where the color of the under-dog is no longer predetermined; where indeed there prevails the irresolute confusion of dogs upon whose battle a bucketful of water has been thrown. The wounds of combat are felt; the indignation smoulders; each has half a mind to start the scrap again though the bone has gone. Each feels itself going off the boil, and resentment mingles with relief.

This restless staring and scratching Miss Laurence depicts with warm humanity and a relentlessly straight eye. A natural heir of the precious and almost vanished Forster tradition, she knows that top-dogs have rarely themselves created their situation, and assesses them by their conduct in it, not the mere fact of their presence there. She knows there are under-dogs who, as the South African situation has taught us once already, "don't want freedom for everybody—all they want is to be the man who holds the whip." And she has a profound compassionate understanding for the bewildered gropers towards the light, those who, like Virgil's shades by another river, "stand entreating to make the passage first, And reach out their hands in love to the further shore."

NATHANIEL, the little, unqualified African schoolmaster so precariously poised on his ledge of civilization above the ancient engulfing bush, is triumphantly realized. So is Johnnie Kestoe, the white ex-under-dog who feels the itch for the whip; and his wife Miranda, a well-bred liberal like the ladies of "Howard's End," but a worse muddler even than that novel's dear Helen Schlegel, who would surely have had sense enough not to insist, when far gone in pregnancy, on being escorted by

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an African male protégé around the Native bazaar.

The error is hers, however, not her creator's. She is consistently believable; as are also the sad, sun-dried English men and women who have done, by limited but honest lights, an honest job in Africa all their working lives, only to see the little comforts of old age, the prize they gave their youth for, snatched by the cold hand of history. Surely, they think, for this injustice *someone* must be to blame?

On the inchoate aspirations of the evolving Africans the book is brilliant: on those who are not "been-to" (trained in England) and know all too well the huge obstacles in their path to the Promised Land; or who half-know them and hope or despair too soon; or those to whom civilization is a glittering myth, a god-given Cargo attainable by wishes, witchcraft, and prayer. All men are men, Miss Laurence gives us to understand, and no human aspiration is too high for any of us; it is not our aims but our self-ignorant means which betray us to Apollo's laughter. The passage where Nathaniel in his poverty accepts a bribe from two students who want a job, and is exposed to his arch-enemy Johnnie, is bitterly poignant. One sighs almost audibly with relief when, at the end, he inches up to a slightly wider toe-hold over the abyss.

A scholar and translator of African folklore and poetry, Miss Laurence has written a first novel of rare excellence. She has an impressive sense of the equatorial rhythms: the cruelty, the gay or the wistful resignation, the feckless humor, the splendid hymns. Her ear is so good that one cannot wish it less than perfect; someone should let her know that the English, for some occult reason, say "I suppose" instead of "I guess."

FRASER YOUNC'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 907

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 906

Half the world does not know how the other half lives, but is trying to find out.

—Edgar W. Howe.

Heinrich von Kleist—
"ahead of his age."

Dark Side of Drama

"The Marquise of O—," By Heinrich von Kleist; *translated by Martin Greenberg (Criterion. 318 pp. $5), acquaints American readers with the shocking and suspenseful short stories of the Shakespeare of German drama. Bernhard V. Valentini is professor of German literature at Wayne State University.*

By Bernhard V. Valentini

TO MY knowledge, these eight short stories have never been collectively published before so as to introduce the reader to the peculiar genius of Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811), whose eight plays have established him as the Shakespeare of German drama. Though isolated translations of some of the works have appeared periodically, dating as far back as 1844, Kleist's impact in America has been restricted to a few devout scholars. This is not surprising; even in his own age his unique ideas were too bold and advanced to gain acceptance. The classicists, Goethe included, were not prepared to embrace his startling attitudes, while the romanticists found him too individualistic and unorthodox.

Born into the privileged caste of Prussian nobility, Kleist soon became a renegade, rejecting his military career. A much discussed trip to Würzberg in south Germany is shrouded in fog. Thomas Mann and others speculated about the mysterious purpose of this trip, concluding that he was in search of treatment for psychogenic ailments. The growing intensity of his depressions made it necessary for him to seek refuge in a physician's home, and engagement to marry ended in the escape of the distressed groom. Twice he contrived a suicide pact: the first, with a companion from his early youth, was never consummated; the second occurred several years later. On November 21, 1811, passers-by heard two explosions in a forest near Berlin, and the bodies of Kleist and a woman companion were found.

It is understandable that Kleist had difficulty being accepted in his own age. Only a post-Freudian mind would be adequately responsive to the psychological undercurrents of Kleistian situations. As Martin Greenberg remarks in his introduction: "Kleist was an avant-garde writer in the true sense of the term; he was not only ahead of the literary fashions of his time, he was not only ahead of his generation, he was ahead of his age."

In Kleist's own age the reader could register nothing but shock and horror at the brutal events of his plots. For example, the Marquise of O—, "a widow of unblemished reputation and the mother of several well-bred children," undergoes nightmarish experiences. Stupefied by a small, barbarous squad of invading soldiers, she escapes rape, only to suffer, while still unconscious, the same fate by the man who has come to her rescue. She is unaware of what has happened, but soon realizes that she is pregnant. And, protesting her innocence, she must bear the consequences of the evidence: the Marquise is disgraced and humiliated, cast out by her own father. Yet she fights her way back to rehabilitation.

In the other stories the plots develop in different corners of the earth: three in Germany, three in Italy, one in Chile, and one on Santo Domingo; in all there is a basic, recurring theme: the insistent struggle of man to maintain his dignity in the face of defeat.

Told with forceful craftsmanship, these stories keep the reader in relentless suspense; hence they do not give him time to be disturbed by their occasional inconsistencies.

At this point it seems necessary to question Mr. Greenberg's right "to put Kleist into a more or less natural modern English" and to avoid imitating "any period quality of his German." One wonders whether the loss of historical perspective that this necessarily entails is not too big a price to pay for a more readable rendering of Kleist's prose. This reviewer takes issue with the translator not so much over the modernization of language per se, but because he has not adequately conveyed the Kleistian peculiarities of style, which are essential to his art. A perusal of Emil Staiger's analysis of Kleist's dramatic style in "The Beggarwoman of Locarno" might have benefited him.

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Parable of the Reluctant Apostle

—Jean Marquis.

Carlo Coccioli—"a resonant novel."

"The White Stone," by Carlo Coccioli; *translated by Elizabeth Sutherland and Vera Bleuer (Simon & Schuster. 271 pp. $4.50), pieces together the fragments that explain a Catholic priest's shattered faith and his paradoxical regeneration of other despairing men. Albert Van Nostrand, who teaches literature at Brown University, is the author of "The Denatured Novel."*

By Albert Van Nostrand

"THE WHITE STONE" is the story of a man's struggle to convince himself that he has lost faith in God, and to replace that faith with something else. It is a fantastic and persuasive novel—and an exciting mystery, as well.

The anomalous hero is Don Ardito Piccardi, a priest in an Italian village. His struggle begins on the morning of December 8, 1943, after he has been brought before the German firing squad. He has prepared himself to die, is even eager to die, but the Wehrmacht officer senses this, and, wishing to impose his own miracle over Piccardi's God, he sentences the priest to live. So Piccardi becomes an exile in search of belief.

Piccardi's search is itself the subject of another search. One of his parishioners—whom Carlo Coccioli identifies only as "C"—is bent upon discovering the essence of this strange, humble, powerful man. What really made Piccardi lose his faith? Has he prevailed over his lost God? If so, how can one explain the rumors of miraculous regeneration he has since caused in other men? Is Piccardi able to account for himself? Indeed, is he even still alive? These questions begin to plague "C" after he learns that Piccardi did not die when he was supposed to; so eight years after the crisis of the firing squad "C" sets out to solve the mystery.

He recovers fragments that testify to Piccardi's amazing career—letters mostly, from men who encountered this renegade priest: from the Wehrmacht officer who sentenced him to live; from a Frenchman in the German camp where Piccardi was imprisoned; from a Sardinian soldier who, after Piccardi's escape from the Germans, lived with him in hiding; from an Italian bishop, and from a Dominican who took the priest on a mission to Mexico. These testimonies piece out Piccardi's story, always bringing "C" closer to him in time and place, and in understanding.

But the priest's exile and struggle are primarily recounted by Piccardi himself, through two fragmentary journals which "C" recovers. These are the heart of the novel. The first journal recalls Piccardi's primitive existence with the escapees from the prison camp; the second concerns the temptations of Satan, in the guise of a businessman, who urges Piccardi to change his status from being "free" of God to being generally "available" for other service. What these journals dramatize is the parodox of Piccardi's failure. Having deliberately and rationally given up God, the despairing priest has been driven, unwittingly, to the regeneration of other despairing men.

This is a resonant novel. Its parts echo and amplify each other. Its episodes, in the testimony of a half-dozen different narrators, repeat Piccardi's journals in such various ways as to suggest that Piccardi's conflict defines the whole state of Christ's church and possibly of the world. Together these episodes dramatize an idea. Like the author of the Acts of the Apostles, who represented the Holy Ghost as the real hero of his saga, Coccioli perceives a greater presence dwelling in his own reluctant apostle.

The novel's title, from the Revelation of Saint John, denotes God's recognition of the man who can conquer in his struggle with disbelief: "I will give him a white stone, with a new name written on the stone which no one knows except him who receives it." But the knack of this novel lies not in a fact of revelation; it lies rather in the circumstantial evidence which gradually reveals the mystery.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWO ON A TITLE

Each of the titles in Column One below has been used by at least two authors, one group of whom appears in Column Two, another in Column Three. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to assign correct titles to each cluster of authors, keying both Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 34.

1. "Amelia"	( ) Nicholas Rowe	( ) William Ainsworth
2. "The Winter's Tale"	( ) William Faulkner	( ) Abraham Cowley
3. "Cynthia"	( ) Oliver W. Holmes	( ) Benjamin Disraeli
4. "Endymion"	( ) Joseph Addison	( ) John Drinkwater
5. "Mary Stuart"	( ) Thomas Otway	( ) Henry Fielding
6. "Milton"	( ) William Hazlitt	( ) N. Hawthorne
7. "Morte D'Arthur"	( ) Alfred Tennyson	( ) Reginald Heber
8. "Rosamond"	( ) A. C. Swinburne	( ) O. Henry
9. "Table-Talk"	( ) Andrew Marvell	( ) James Joyce
10. "The Garden"	( ) John Keats	( ) Thomas Macaulay
11. "The Last Leaf"	( ) Richard Barnfield	( ) Sir Walter Raleigh
12. "The Marble Faun"	( ) Henry Carey	( ) Samuel Rogers
13. "Ulysses"	( ) William Blake	( ) A. C. Swinburne
14. "Windsor Castle"	( ) D. H. Lawrence	( ) Dylan Thomas

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The Business of Larimer and Gwen Mellon

THE FULL measure of a man is to be found not in the man himself or even in his ideas and works but in the new colors and textures that come alive in other people because of him. The power and reach of Albert Schweitzer, for example, are not confined to a hospital at Lambaréné. Wherever the Schweitzer story is known, lives have been changed. A manufacturer in the American Midwest read about Schweitzer, sold his farm-implement manufacturing company, and used the money to build a string of medical clinics in the Cameroons. A Japanese professor raised money in Schweitzer's name and started an orphanage. A young German medical-school graduate, with no means or resources save a fund of inspiration, went to South America and started a hospital. Tom Dooley and his hospital in Laos are now well on the way to becoming an American legend. A beautiful, talented young Dutch girl learned about Schweitzer and selected a medical career. Six years later she was chief surgeon at the Schweitzer hospital in Lambaréné.

And there is also the story of Larimer and Gwen Mellon and the work they are doing in Schweitzer's name in Haiti.

At the age of thirty-seven, Larimer Mellon was making a career out of being a rich man's son. Just bearing the Mellon name was something of a full-time job. When he read about Schweitzer, the effect was explosive; it blasted him out of one life and into a totally different one. He returned to college to complete his undergraduate education, sitting in classes alongside students half his age. Then he enrolled in medical school.

At forty-four, he received his medical diploma. With his wife, Gwen, he decided to found a hospital dedicated to Schweitzer. They selected Haiti not solely because of the high disease rate and the illiteracy of the people but because it was part of North America—very close to the most prosperous nation in the world. Some seventy miles north of Port-au-Prince, in Haiti, Larimer and Gwen Mellon selected the site of what was to become the Albert Schweitzer Hospital of Haiti.

Recently, we visited Haiti. Within a few moments after our plane put down, we could understand why the Mellons came to this island. Poverty doesn't merely exist. It lashes at you from all sides. In the cities, countless thousands live in sheds made out of scrap pieces of tin, crating wood, and cardboard. Plumbing, even of the privy variety, is scarce. The iron chain that connects poverty to disease is so apparent it almost clanks. New housing is going up but it may take many years before it cuts significantly into the problem.

PARTS of Haiti seem remarkably like West Africa. The general configuration of the landscape, the flowering and the vegetation, and, most of all, the way of life seem almost indistinguishable from what is found in sections of French Equatorial Africa or the Congo. The African culture has changed very little, if at all, from what it was when the Negroes first arrived in Haiti. Indeed, in many ways the pattern of living is even more primitive than in Africa today. We traveled through villages where the wheel was nowhere to be seen. There were no carts, no wheelbarrows, not even a waterwheel. Some farmers had never seen a plow. And almost everywhere we met people who were strangers to the written word. Another fact was abundantly evident: they didn't have enough to eat.

This, then, is the setting for Dr. Mellon's undertaking. The hospital, when you approach it, is architecturally pleasing. It is built of gray field stone and is all on one level. It is well integrated into the countryside: only when you make a full tour do you realize how many large units are involved. Most of the patients come on foot or on donkeys. Some of them travel all night from far away in order to take their place on line when the hospital clinic opens early in the morning. A long bench just outside the main entrance accommodates them while they wait their turn. Dr. Mellon surveys the line at frequent intervals in order to give priority to urgent cases.

Many of the emergency cases at the hospital are babies less than a week old who are suffering from tetanus, the biggest killer of the newly born in Haiti. The prime cause is the ancient African midwife custom of rubbing charcoal or mud on the unhealed navels of babies immediately after delivery. Dr. Mellon and his staff are able to save a surprisingly large number of infants, but the disease still represents the main cause of infant mortality at the hospital.

The relationship between superstition or illiteracy and disease caused Larimer and Gwen Mellon to realize very early that they would have to do more than operate a hospital. In addition to dispensing drugs they would have to dispense ideas. As a result, their hospital is a multiple enterprise. The clinic and the wards and the laboratories are important but no more so than the community development center and adult education activities. Dr. Mellon and his staff produce their own sound films dealing with basic rules of health, nutrition, and sanitation. One of these films, for example, is a highly dramatic sketch, simply but effectively produced, linking the superstitions of midwives to the dreaded disease of tetanus. This particular film is shown not to mothers alone but to the general run of patients and their relatives or friends at the hospital.

Film-making is one of the functions of the Reverend Lloyd Shirer, who presides over a sort of community services division for the hospital. Dr. Shirer runs classes in basic literacy. He also teaches English. He operates a sound truck and

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—*Photos by N.C.*

At the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti—Some patients (top left) travel all night to come to the hospital; Dr. Larimer Mellon (above) surveys the waiting line for cases requiring immediate attention; Dr. Mellon, as hospital Administrator (below), discusses a problem with his laboratory assistants; a patient (lower left) waits his turn at the morning clinic.

tours the villages, showing his films and distributing basic tools for helping the people to teach themselves to read and write.

The nonmedical aspects of the hospital have grown year by year. In a sense, this development is a tribute to the Mellons, for it is a reflection of the high position of trust and admiration they command among the Haitians. Their quality of mercy is not restrained. Moreover, anyone who goes into the business of helping people has to take them as they come and generally on their own terms. Very soon, an important part of the job is to help them discover the existence of their own abilities and resources.

All this calls for money. For a long time, Larimer Mellon had very little outside support for his work. He had used up most of his personal funds in building and staffing the hospital, and in meeting the comprehensive needs of those who come to him. Then, little by little, friends and foundations provided help. But it is not enough; not nearly enough.

HOW long can Larimer and Gwen Mellon carry on their work on the present basis? It is hard to say. Few things are more expensive in this world than a hospital. But Dr. Mellon is confident that adequate help will be forthcoming. One of the things that inspired him about Dr. Schweitzer was the latter's complete confidence that if he did his own job well, enough people would want to share in the responsibility without being asked. In Dr. Mellon's case, of course, there is the disadvantage represented by the general impression that he has limitless funds at his disposal. He has used up his own funds but is confident that his project will find the support it needs.

One afternoon, when matters at the hospital seemed relatively quiet, we sat down with Dr. Mellon on a rear porch of the hospital overlooking the fruit orchard. The conversation turned personal. He and his wife had made a total commitment to an idea they believed in. We remarked that it was not unusual for a wealthy man to contribute lavishly to a hospital or to put up a building in his own name. But wasn't it unusual for a wealthy man to give up everything else and make such an enterprise his full life?

Unusual or not, Dr. Mellon said, he

(*Continued on page* 36)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PUZZLED

I'd like to know what's become of the Literary Crypt, which has been missing from your columns for several weeks. It is always the first thing I turn to, and I would be sorry to hear it had been dropped permanently.

Barbara McClung.

Knoxville, Tenn.

I am sure I am not the only person who is dismayed by the missing Literary Crypt. It is the first thing I turn to each week to whet my appetite for the rest of your fine magazine.

Roseanne Grant.

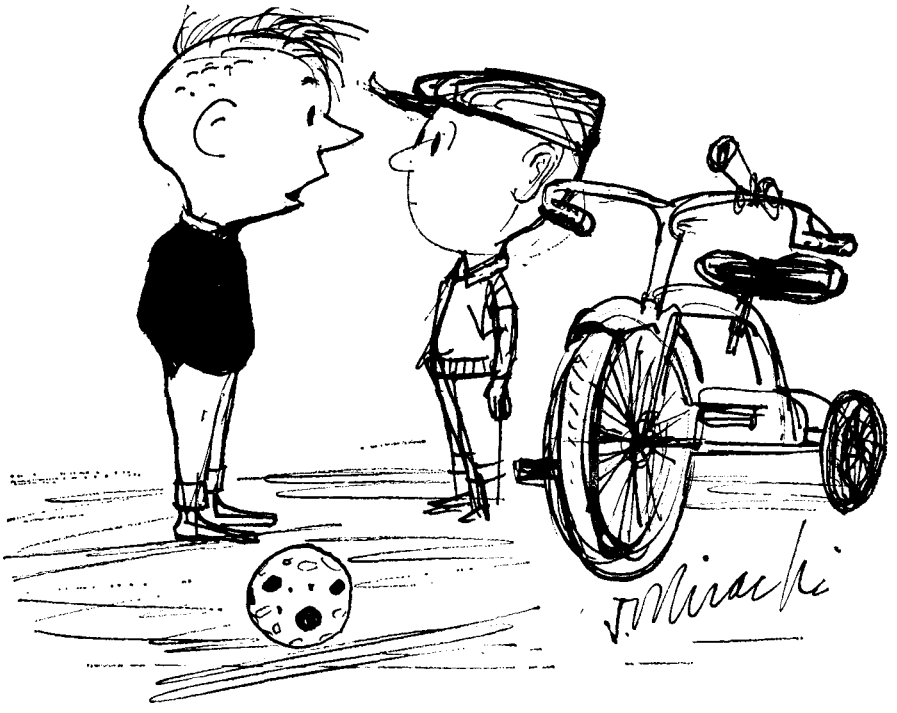
Cambridge, Mass.

Why oh why have you discontinued Fraser Young's Literary Crypt? I have looked forward to it every week for years; only after solving it do I go on to the articles.

Mary S. Steven.

Arlington, Vt.

Editor's note: *SR can take a hint. See page 24.*



"I don't see why they just don't lay it on the line and tell the stork to do something about the population explosion or else."

PRACTICE AND PREACHMENT

Andre Maurois's "The Writer's Craft" [*SR*, Nov. 19] stands out as an admirable example of the author's mastery of what he preaches. It is both a how-to-do-it manual and enjoyable reading; in short, a revelation!

Frank Meissner.

San Jose, Calif.

THE POEM'S THE THING

On reading Wallace Fowlie's article on Saint-John Perse [*SR*, Nov. 19], I was encouraged by the fact that Nobel Prizes are still being given to men who allow their work to speak for itself, and refuse to be interviewed on their personal, teeth-brushing routines and other things having nothing to do with their work. More power to Perse!

Barbara Peckham.

Kirksville, Mo.

Wallace Fowlie's article did a masterful job of making clear why a Nobel Prize went to a relatively unknown poet this year. It was the kind of thorough, eye-opening treatment *SR*'s readers have come to rely on.

A. S. MacVey.

New York, N. Y.

VAGUE VALUES

May I disagree with the concluding disagreement expressed in Nicholas Samstag's review of Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers" and Eve Merriam's "Figleaf" [*SR*, Nov. 5]? To enjoy the benefits of being well fed, dressed, housed, and transported in a time of abundance is one thing, and a very sensible one. But to wallow in superficial values, however compensatory, to the neglect of more enduring ones is quite another. Your reviewer shows evidence of having lost his objectivity in the very net described by the writers. If the writers show a weakness, it is in not bringing out strongly enough the imbalance existing between external and internal values; a weakness, by the way, shared by the reviewer, whose reporting, otherwise, was well done indeed.

Robert C. Gilmore,
University of Southwestern Louisiana.
Lafayette La.

SUBTITLES OR DUBBING?

With a simple wave of the hand, Hollis Alpert in his review of "It Happened in Broad Daylight" [*SR*, Oct. 15] doubts whether the dubbing of motion pictures is "ever going to work." I should imagine Mr. Alpert is either totally unfamiliar with the dubbing field or else his comments about dubbing were inserted to stretch his column.

Has Mr. Alpert not witnessed a gradual improvement in dubbing technique over the past few years with a resulting increase in the number of features dubbed? Will he not admit that the "unreality" he finds in dubbing is merely a figment of his own imagination?

If we are to point to a "jarring note of unreality" then I am afraid that subtitling, the only alternative to dubbing, would fall victim. Where dubbing is an artistic technique, subtitling is a mechanical device. In the latter case, a so-called translation is incomplete. The rapidity with which the titles appear makes for difficult reading and often the titles do not relate to the scenes over which they are superimposed. Moreover, so much time must be spent in reading the titles that important pieces of action are frequently missed by the viewer.

Indeed, Mr. Alpert must be aware that many voices heard in original movie versions, be they Swiss, Italian, German, French, or even American, do not belong to the actor or actress he sees on the screen. And even when they do, these voices are frequently recorded in a sound studio days and sometimes weeks after the filming has taken place. Is is reality? Far from it! This is dubbing (post-synchronization, as it is known in the trade) in every sense of the word.

It is high time that the opponents of foreign language dubbing realize that dubbing is in fact the most realistic and artistic approach.

Sam Fleishman.

New York, N. Y.

ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE

Thanks for Jacob Ornstein's article "The Tongue-Tied Generation" [*SR*, Nov. 26]. Though aware of the lack of linguists in this country, I had no idea the situation had become so acute. I hope Dr. Ornstein's article moves many people to do something about getting our tongues untied.

Richard Y. Norrish.

St. Louis, Mo.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

It's Been a Busy Autumn

IN OCTOBER we were in Paris searching the bric-a-brac booths for an armoire, a giant catchall which the provincial French use as a closet. The reason we needed an armoire is because American builders of urban dwellings construct the new apartments without adequate closet space for brooms, much less clothes. Armoires already imported from France are available in New York at anywhere from $360 to $890, so they have to be cheaper in their country of origin, it says here.

We went first to the Quai Voltaire, a *quartier* three blocks by four on the Left Bank, where the merchandise is select, the shops are quaint, and bargaining is bad manners. Each Wednesday night the antiquarians of the Quai Voltaire set candles in the window, keep their doors open until eleven o'clock, and invite everyone down for what they are calling *une séduisante et nouvelle formule de soirée Parisienne.* Ancient music boxes are wound up, drinks are served on the rare old buffets, and by the light of the flickering candles customers are *séduised* into bringing home a bit of Biedermeier. We did the Quai Voltaire by daylight, taking no chances with the effect of the night mood on our sensibilities. The first armoire we spotted was offered to us for $6,000, at which price we thought it really ought to have come equipped with a built-in paramour. Climbing through ateliers of Salva Frères on the Rue des Saints-Pères and Le Cage aux Rossignols (nightingales), to mention only two, we turned up armoires to burn and some that should have been. The cheapest of all was $160, and we got an estimate of an equal amount to ship it to New York harbor.

The day was not a total loss since we discovered, not far away, an establishment called La Dauphine, at 49 Quai des Grands Augustins, which maintains an enchanting collection of miniature figures in the form of seventeenth-century merchants who plied their trade at the nearby Pont Neuf. There in painted lead were the jugglers, the hat sellers carrying their wares on many-pronged sticks, the public notary, the dancing bear, the peddlers of live chickens. Of all the tours we have taken, guides we have listened to, and books we've read, nothing gave us more of a feeling of seventeenth-century life in Paris than the window of La Dauphine, an emporium that also keeps a stock of models of the contraptions in which the early balloonists soared aloft, among them Lunardi's rig that took him skyward in September of 1784 and Testu Brissy's of a year later.

Bargaining is certainly in order at the

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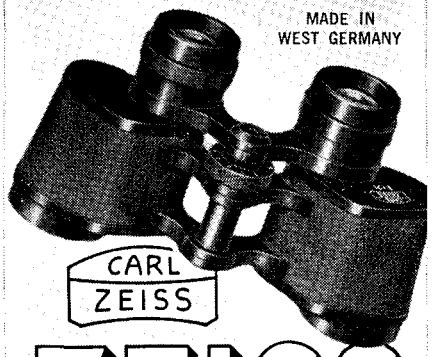

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NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE McGRAW-HILL

Village Suisse, another cantonment of antiquarians who have settled on the ancient fairgrounds constructed for the turn-of-the-century Paris exposition that gave the world the Eiffel Tower. Here we spied not an armoire but a *bahut*, a giant chest with many doors and drawers capable of swallowing a television set, a whole complex of high fidelity innards, our bar, booze, silverware, and linens. A strapping six feet tall and four feet wide, it was carved to the nines with pheasants and quail and was guaranteed by its owner to be a product of the seventeenth century.

Now there is nothing *séduisante* about the Village Suisse, where at lunchtime the keepers of the antiques pull out their lunchpails and eat off the Louis XVI tables, quoting prices while chewing a morsel of *gigot*. Bargaining is à la mode. The *bahut* reposed in a pleasant shop run by a severe lady whose opening quotation bounced around $700. At the first exchange, she dropped to $400. At the end of Round 15 we settled for $206. Now it was out of her hands and in those of Atlantic Transports, who are specialists in shipping *bahuts* and other baubles to the U.S. for misguided Americans. They agreed to take the job of crating it, sending it by rail to Le Havre, and floating it across the Atlantic for the piddling sum of $160 or thereabouts. For that figure, their responsibility would end at the dockside in Manhattan.

Some weeks later, back in New York, we were in receipt of an advice from W. R. Keating and Company ("Shipments Handled to All Parts of the World"), advising us of the imminent arrival aboard the S.S. *Liberté*, a vessel dear to our hearts, of the emigrating *bahut*. Shipping charges across France and the ocean had amounted to $170, as things turned out, instead of $160. There would be a Customs Entry and Services Charge of $15, a Cartage Service of $22.50, a Bond and Cancelation Fee of $3.50, a Messenger Service and Petties Impost of $3.40, and a Representative's Time and Expense Tithe of $3.50, making a grand total of $217.90, of which $47.90 represented transportation from the French Line pier to our address a mile and a half to the north and ten blocks to the east. Thankfully, the Keating people had not charged us for "Securing Carriers Certificate," "Cord, Seals, and Labor," or "Submitting Invoice to Appraiser," all of which were blank explanatory items on their invoice. But the $47.90, I had better tell you in case you ever by a *bahut*, only included transportation to the sidewalk in front of our house. To uncrate it and bring it upstairs in the elevator the Keating people recommended another trucker who would charge $40 for that end of the arrangement, plus the nearly $50 for bringing it up from the docks.

The doors of the *bahut* arrived locked, but the key didn't arrive at all, and the television set will not fit in the door even if we ever get it open. As far as buying antiques abroad is concerned, we have one recommendation: When you move, try to get an apartment with plenty of closet space.

EARLY IN OCTOBER we were down in Mexico, where we spent some time looking at inns, all of which are within an easy drive from Mexico City. For one thing, we fell on a place called the Casa de Piedra or House of the Stones, which, despite its aged-in-cognac appearance, its size, and its mellowness, was built in 1950 by the Marques and the Marquesa de Castellar. When the Marques left the Marquesa, or vice versa, she got the house, a place with eleven bedrooms and baths, two acres of gardens, a swimming pool, garages, verandas, and servants' quarters, and less than $500 a month on which to run it. There was no alternative and the Casa de Piedra became an inn, which it is today, with elegant bedrooms, tapestried furnishings, canopied beds with coronets on top, old stone balconies, and a baronial stairway lighted by giant candles.

Five minutes from the Cuernavaca Country Club, the Casa now has eighteen rooms rentable at $16 a day with breakfast, and for a chef the place has the Marquesa herself. The Marquesa, who is really not a Marquesa any more since she is now married to a former U. S. cultural attaché named Allen Haden, is really an accomplished master of cuisine and the author of a charming cooking-and-philosophy book called "My Stove is My Castle," which includes the recipe for mango shortcake, zucchini fritters, and cheeseburger marquise, a dish that features half a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda. Mixed in with the cooking is a bit of Ann Landers. Says the Marquesa: "I have been reading about how hard American men work and how many widows they leave because they work too hard. So I do my best to spoil them a little at Casa de Piedra. Maybe if American women would spoil their husbands more and make them work less, they could keep them longer." It's a book every man should bring home.

A real find is the new inn called Hacienda de San Gabriel, in a fabulous setting of an old sugar mill south of Cuernavaca. Set in a welter of mango and avocado trees alongside a running brook, the new Hacienda is being created out of a great stone house with long tunnels for halls and great squares

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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for rooms. Chandeliers hang down for twenty feet from the lofted ceilings and the steps are covered with the moss of decades. But the furniture, which comes from the Mexico City shop of its American owners, is all in the Spanish colonial motif—big, bold, and gold. From the dining room, which is laced with open arches, patrons sitting at the old gnarled tables can look out to the long pool guarded by cedar sentinels and stone saints. There is a canal coated with ducks skimming, but hardly rippling, the surface, while down the lane a crashing waterfall thunders dramatically into a swimming pool shadowed by the old belfry of the Hacienda's own chapel. It's $25 a day for two; meals, hayrides, and horseback riding are extra.

IN NOVEMBER we were in Buenos Aires, where we stumbled into a party of U.S. Governors who had been invited by the Argentine government to visit Argentina immediately after the election. This struck us as strange, inasmuch as a number of the invitees had become lame ducks only a few days before, among them George Docking of Kansas, Herschel Loveless of Iowa, and James T. Blair of Missouri. Despite the limited value of some of the party to the Republic of Argentina, the Governors were provided with free passage for their wives (some brought aides and/or sons), and while in Buenos Aires they tooled around town in Kaiser automobiles with hand-lettered license plates bearing their names and states. At an *estancia* outside Mar del Plata one day, Soapy Williams of Michigan, topped by a gaucho hat some sizes too small, gave an exhibition of riding and roping. Governor Meyner of New Jersey and Governor Edmondson of Oklahoma rode to a *pato* game in a buckboard from the back of which Governor Edmondson offered mock political sallies. Said Governor Meyner while being photographed at a gaucho-tended barbecue: "Let's roast an elephant." Governor Ross Barnett gave dark statements to the press on Mississippi's particular problems and what it planned to do with its electoral votes. As an aide of his who buttonholed us at an Embassy reception assured us, "We jes' love nigras, Negroes, down our way, but we feel they'll do better by themselves taught by their own kind. But we jes' love those folks. Only thing we worry 'bout is we never seem to have a voice in the Union." At an Italian trattoria deep in the heart of Mar del Plata on the South Atlantic, Gobernador Hollings, of the Estado de Carolina del Sud, danced a hot Charleston one night with an Argentinean bobby-soxer who will probably never forget it.

—Horace Sutton.

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She Speaks a Language of Delight

"Times Three," by Phyllis McGinley *(Viking. 304 pp. $5), reflects the author's growth over three decades from a craftsman of light verse to a mature poet whose later themes express understanding and satire in addition to gaiety. Poet David McCord wrote "Odds Without Ends" and "Old Bateau and Other Poems."*

By David McCord

"TIMES THREE" will give Miss McGinley's expanding public an orderly cut-back inspection of the three-stage rocket which has carried an explicit poet beyond the force-field of light verse and put her into orbit. The figure is not absurd because the stages are three full decades (1930-1960), and the assembly is in reverse (three-two-one, back to front) with the solid fuel of convention, tradition, and purified echoes in stage one, and the new optics, probes, and poetic cloud-chambers in the nose cone.

The timing is not only right for the poet but right for the medium. For it is a curious paradox that while the craft of light verse is now in the hands of a very small group of practitioners, an increasing use of the colloquial, casual, and discursive tone in one kind of current poetry and the rarer micro-precision (of Ted Hughes, for example) in another are all related to various light-verse techniques. Some barriers are coming down; but while the public concerned is doubtless unaware of what biologists would call the recessive factor on the serious side, it is certainly aware of Miss McGinley's popularity in America and John Betjeman's in England. It is only incidental, I think, that Mr. Auden, the most versatile poet of the three decades, has publicly championed both.

"Times Three" with 300 poems represents less than half of Miss McGinley's published work. The variety is astonishing enough, but better than that is the quality. In the Thirties I used to think that she relied too much on feminine rhyme, experimented too little, and loaded her trebuchet too frequently with trebles: gratitude/attitude; wearier/interior, shivery/delivery. But she has winnowed well; and though much of the third section is dated and perhaps ought to be, the

Phyllis McGinley — intuition and compassion.

poet's superior brightness is still there:

I wandered happy as a cloud
Afloat with fellow-cumuli . . .

Women are restless, uneasy to handle,
But when they are burning both ends of the scandal . . .

The art of always striking when
The irony is hot . . .

While meek-eyed parents hasten down the ramps
To greet their offspring, terrible from camps . . .

And suddenly I am reading not out of a book, not out of the Depression, but out of the flowering decade of *The New Yorker* under Harold Ross. She wrote in the fast company of Ogden Nash and Morris Bishop, but even then she had her own voice to express her gaiety and wit. Her models now and then glance out at you—Hoffenstein and Dorothy Parker and even A. P. Herbert. But the alembic is McGinley. And if anyone doubts she was already a poet, take a sharp look at "Six Nuns in the Snow":

an absolute six, taking their candid way
undazzled by this whiteness,
who have grown used to walking without dismay
amid incredible brightness.

There is more poetry in the Forties, more experimenting, more perfection. "Beauty Parlor" and "Blues for a Melodeon" will outlast any anthology that picks them up. There are more children, a lot of Christmas and suburbanity; but now there is also the clear ability to sustain a single objective mood as in "The Tom-Tom" and "Ballroom Dancing Class." If these two have not the twinge of poetry, then I am speaking in a dead language to dead people.

In the Fifties the gaiety is somewhat less; form assumes a new importance, satire is sharper. There has been (I am sure) more revision. A consistory of saints and reformers explains dialectically a side of Miss McGinley we have scarcely seen before. But if the Fifties produced only "The Doll House," "Portrait of Girl with Comic Book," and "In Praise of Diversity," this volume would be fulfilled. For it is not the feminine banter and word-play in which she is unrivaled that concern me here. It is her eloquent moments, her compassion, her intuition, her ability to pare the world's wormy apple with a razor blade, the new dimension that a word takes on in Miss McGinley's turn of phrase:

Darkness delays. The skipping rope
Twirls in the driveway after dinner.

This is the poetry of delight that she has kept and would keep alive. Wherefore I am not surprised that Professor Emeritus F. N. Robinson, Chaucerian and best Celtic scholar in this hemisphere, always gives away at Christmas several copies of the latest McGinley. He, like his master, if any man can see it, will spy the greening in the growing word.

—Sovfoto.

Vladimir Mayakovsky — "a caress and a slogan."

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The Nonconforming Russian

"The Bedbug and Selected Poetry," by Vladimir Mayakovsky; *translated by Max Hayward and George Reavey; edited by Patricia Blake (Meridian. 320 pp. Paperbound. $1.55), expresses the explosive personality of this Soviet nonconformist who could live neither with bourgeois smugness nor a mechanized society. Professor of Russian at Sarah Lawrence College, Thais Lindstrom has written about Tolstoy, Pasternak, and Gorky.*

By Thais Lindstrom

THE APPEARANCE of a paperback selection of Vladimir Mayakovsky's writings is another step toward our understanding of the present-day Russian mind. There is no more exciting figure in modern Russian literature. As editor Patricia Blake tells us in her exhaustive preface, the impact of the eighteen-year-old, six-foot-five, tousled-haired poet upon men like Pasternak, Kandinsky, and Meyerhold, themselves caught up in a frenzy of modernism, was tremendous.

Attaching himself in 1911 to the rampaging extremist group known as the Futurists, Mayakovsky led them to issue a manifesto, flauntingly entitled "A Slap in the Face of Public Taste," which rejected the literary past and called for a new syntax to express man's coexistence with the machine. His own verse he read aloud in a bellowing voice to all and sundry, trampling on romanticism:

> Spit
> on rhymes
> and arias
> and the rose bush
> and other such mawkishness
> from the arsenal of the arts.

Defining the poet's role in society as that of one who shakes the world with the might of his voice, one whose rhyme "is a caress, and a slogan, a bayonet, and a knout," he welcomed the cleansing hurricane of a social cataclysm, which he predicted within a year of its actual date:

> I perceive whom no one sees,
> crossing the mountains of time.
> Where men's eyes stop short,
> there, at the head of hungry hordes,
> the year 1916 cometh
> in the thorny crown of revolutions.

When 1917 came he was ready for it. Announcing himself as "the drumbeat of the revolution," Mayakovsky enlisted his art in the service of the Bolsheviks and did not hesitate to harness the race horse of his talent to the proletarian dray. The years of civil war, packed with feats of personal heroism and extravagant polemic, stimulated this writer, who by talent and temperament created best amid crisis and catastrophe. In public verse (lampoons, marching songs, limericks, feuilletons in rhyme), using street jargon as the basis of his language, he glorified the builders of the new Socialist structure and lashed out at its sabotaging elements: lack of fuel economy, lack of hygiene, malingering in industry. Black-marketeering, the target for his most virulent attacks, is the introductory theme of a satirical play, "The Bedbug," which Mayakovsky wrote two years before his death in 1930.

THE first part of the play castigates the smugness and bourgeois debauchery into which the hero, Prisypkin, private profiteer and ex-party member, falls. The second part reads like an Orwellian fable. The vodka-drinking and romantic Prisypkin is discovered fifty years later preserved in a block of ice together with his bedbug. Both are revived by the scientists of a society which has become a dehumanized and efficient Communist Utopia; here they are exhibited in a cage at the zoo as monstrous relics of the bad old days.

The satire is double-edged, however; there is implicit contempt in the author's portrayal of the wooden, depersonalized people of the Socialist future, while Prisypkin by contrast becomes warm-blooded, more human, and lovable. A weak dramatic effort in itself, "The Bedbug" is interesting because of its dénoument, which reflects the poet's own worsening relations with the Soviet hierarchy after the regimentation of the arts in the first Five Year Plan.

In 1925 Mayakovsky visited the United States, which impressed him by what he thought to be the embodiment of the Steel Age *"par excellence."* The Brooklyn Bridge inspired him to write,

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XPEIAZETAI BOHOEIA*

*He Needs Help

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"I am proud of just this mile of steel; upon it my visions come to life, erect. Here's a fight for construction instead of style, an austere disposition of bolts and steel."

Back home he began to feel out of place within the framework of the new conformity and complained, "I swell with the milk of verse, there is no pouring it forth anywhere it seems, and it brims me over."

He could only live as an independent and intemperate artist and, although he wrote only a few weeks before his suicide, "I subdue myself, setting my heel on the throat of my own song," Mayakovsky's anarchy reasserted itself and he put a bullet through his head.

From the fourteen volumes of poetry composed between 1915 and 1930 Patricia Blake has judiciously chosen for the present collection those poems that are free of topical or purely political issues. It is particularly gratifying to see included the later lyrics, such as "Impossible," "What Happened," "You," "I Call," which represent a most unusual and provocative aspect of Mayakovsky's art. Although the lyrics deal with the traditionally romantic themes of a poet's love and despair, something of a tour de force is achieved by a positive absence of all romantic clichés. As for instance, in writing about love:

To love
means this:
to run
into the depths of a yard
and, till the rook-black night,
chop wood
with a shining axe,
giving full play to one's strength.

Perhaps the greatest impact of Vladimir Mayakovsky's poems upon the reader is that of his language. He breaks to build, forging a living idiom that in his own words "will explode like a bomb, ache like a pain in the wound or ring out in joy like a triumphant hurrah." His stanzas bulge with bold, brash metaphor and uncouth diction; syntax is wilfully destroyed, nouns are transformed into verbs and adjectives, prefixes are transposed to coin new words and suffixes added to fulfill his rhyme.

George Reavey's translation of this highly idiomatic verse is competent and at times even imaginative; he is particularly successful in rendering the outsize imagery of the poet's heroic and intensely lyrical moods. For those who know Russian this bilingual edition provides an opportunity to read in the original text the work of a writer whom two such unlike-minded critics as Stalin and Pasternak called the greatest Soviet poet.

NEITHER HERO NOR STOIC: Anthony Bonner's translation of **"The Complete Works of Francois Villon"** (McKay, $3.95) is the closest and the most accurate I have seen. It is in free verse, in American speech that is both colloquial and vigorous. In his first book Mr. Bonner proves himself not only a gifted translator in his rendering of a very difficult work, but also a scholar in his knowledge of textual and linguistic problems connected with medieval literature.

One finds Villon in this translation. He appears neither heroic nor stoical. He is a poor lover or, more simply, the poor man surrounded by all the legendary heroes. It is especially this feeling of union with what is above time that makes Villon a poet. All the themes of the fifteeenth century find their purest expression in his work: the Virgin, death, fortune, the martyr-lover, the harlot, the shepherd, the malice of priests, the vanity of this world, the flight of time.

The volume is presented with the French text facing the translation, with a judicious selection of brief notes on difficult passages, and with an eloquent homage by William Carlos Williams to the French poet.

—WALLACE FOWLIE.

UNHEARD HINTS: Throughout **"On the Way to the Island"** (Wesleyan University Press, $3) David Ferry's critical perception overshadows the intense personal vision by which a poet creates his own world. We can never say of him, as he does in his "Lines for a Dead Poet": "We were his citizens, and stayed/ In a country that his poems made." Nor does he display either the power of Pope by which "the shapeless vicious scene/ Composed itself" so that "of folly he made beauty" or the magic of Marianne Moore "To squeeze from a stone its juice,/ And find how sweet it is."

As these quotations indicate, Ferry is capable of intelligent, analytical comment, clearly and precisely expressed. But his lyrics are concerned with nature's hints of immortality and man's obtuse self-absorption. Moreover, while imitating Wordsworth's simple diction and humble subject matter, Ferry lacks the passion to raise them above the commonplace. Instead of emanating from fresh observation, his poems cling to the studied, borrowed air of the groves of academe.

—ROBERT D. SPECTOR.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 13, 12, 11, 8, 14, 9, 7, or 13, 8, or 5, 10, 4, 3, 1, 6, 2. Column Three should read: 14, 10, 4, 5, 1, 12, 7, 11, 13, 6, 3, 9, 5, or 8, 2.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Outside Story

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE HAPPIEST event of this theatrical season has been hatched not in New York but in Washington, D. C. Here at Zelda Fichandler's Arena Stage, a farce called **"The Egg"** is delighting Capital audiences. As adapted by Robert Schlitt, this American premiere of Felicien Marceau's Paris success seems ideally suited to its in-the-round presentation.

"The Egg" concerns a blithe and likably candid young man named Magis, who shares confidences with the audience as he wanders through a series of escapades typical of ordinary French life, and even painfully similar to some that occur within American families. Magis begins his mildly inquisitive exploration of how life works by demonstrating that "the system" that makes society function is pretending that the world is reasonable; then, when we find out it isn't, we lie about it in order not to feel excluded. Instead of thinking that there is something wrong with such a system, we blame ourselves, and this self-blame, which is equivalent to what some people call being responsible, is ridiculous in a world where everything appears to happen by chance.

M. Marceau does not labor his thesis, but rather has earthy, casual fun with it. He illustrates, with vignettes from Magis's existence, the futility of trying to feel a part of society, or, as he puts it, "to be inside the egg." An impulsive petty theft leads not to jail but accidentally to sex, which had previously eluded Magis's "honest" efforts. A betrayal of his sister's fiancé proves that "love is nothing but a lie people make up because they're not sure." And his own purely physical affair with a married woman brings him a marvelously uncomplicated happiness.

But one reason men are unhappy is that when they are happy they start asking themselves why, and such questionings, combined with conceit, push Magis back into the system again. He gets married. As he says in a moment of genuine sadness, "I wanted to get inside that egg where the young people are, where life is just a game of rummy. For a moment it opened up for me and then it closed with me still on the outside."

But his dull marriage is livened when an old suitor of his wife returns and begins to cuckold him. Magis doesn't mind this, as long as he feels that he is part of the affair and not merely ignored by the lovers. But his ingenious way of insuring this makes the lovers fear that he is crazy. When he realizes this, Magis feels "locked up like a madman inside his own mind," and cleverly if reluctantly murders his wife in such a way that it will appear that her lover committed the crime.

The final trial scene is delightful. Every time the lover tells the truth, the prosecutor patiently uses impeccable reason and logic to show the jury either that the defendant is lying or, if not, that he is an even worse scoundrel than everyone had thought. And so, at the end of the play, Magis has demonstrated that he now knows how to beat the system before the system beats him.

William Schust gives a remarkable performance as Magis; his shining good nature and innocence gain him our full sympathy in his battle against the caricatures of "The Egg's" corruptly reasonable inhabitants. And under F. Cowles Strickland's sure-handed direction, a cast headed by Alan Oppenheimer, Howard Wierum, J. Robert Dietz, Maurine Marlowe, and Judith Doty finds a style of playing that turns horror into comic strip, and yet keeps a sense of life in scenes that with less clean-cut acting could have seemed sordid. No wonder that Washington theatregoers have donated funds to Arena Stage to permit it to build America's first brand new theatre-in-the round. If "The Egg" is a representative sample, the pleasure—come next September—will most certainly be ours.

UNFORTUNATELY, good comedies do not grow on trees, nor do they seem to take place under them. For while Lawrence Roman's **"Under the Yum-Yum Tree"** is occasionally hilarious, it is blighted with long, unfunny discussions about premarital sex. Sandra Church, Dean Jones, and Nan Martin do all they can to cover up the implausibility of their roles, and Gig Young has a field day with the play's one effective character, a candid and melancholy seducer who without shame or malice uses the conflict between a young girl's parental teachings and her obsessive cravings to his temporary advantage. However, the "False Alarm" ending only confirms the play's already too apparent purposelessness.

—HENRY HEWES.

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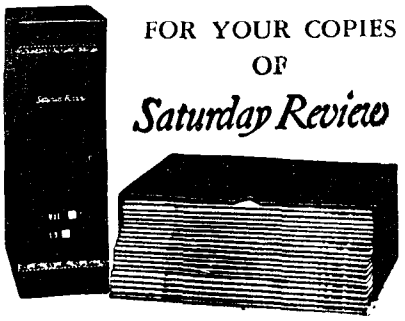

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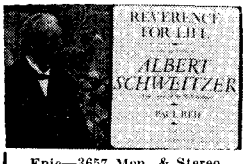

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Editorial

(*Continued from page 27*)

had decided he didn't want to be a victim of his own wealth. He saw no reason why he should be condemned to a useless life just because of something over which he had no control.

What kind of help did he need?

Almost every kind, he said. Medicines, vaccines, shoes, baby blankets, lightweight cotton clothing, hospital equipment. And money, of course. Still waiting for funds is a building to house thirty-two nurses. Another high-priority project is a building for adult education—classes in carpentry, nutrition, social services, etc.

One of the unexpected problems that he had to face was that nearby clinics or hospitals turned to the Schweitzer Hospital as a sort of dispensary. For example, he was providing drugs for two maternity centers in the valley, for a clinic, and for a hospital of 150 beds in Saint-Marc. This, too, required money.

We asked Dr. Mellon whether the magnitude of the problem didn't discourage him at times. Even though he addressed himself to the medical needs of more than 1,000 persons a week, weren't those needs growing faster than he could possibly hope to handle?

No, he said, he wasn't discouraged. He might not be able to treat everyone in urgent need, but the people he was able to treat were people who might not have been treated otherwise. He was not unmindful of the partial nature of his work, but neither did he underestimate the genuineness of the needs the hospital did meet. Besides, he added, nothing could possibly be more rewarding than the response of the people themselves. The depth of their appreciation gave him and his wife as much verification as anyone might need that their work might be of some use.

We asked Dr. Mellon about the similarity between this part of Haiti and West Africa.

He said he had always been impressed by it. He felt, however, that the people in the vicinity of Dr. Schweitzer's hospital at Lambaréné were, if anything, perhaps better off than most of the people in this part of Haiti. It wasn't just a matter of poverty. He was thinking of the fact that the people in Haiti were brought to the island as slaves and are still displaced persons. All they had when they arrived was their African culture. They cling to it as it was. The cultural evolution that took place in Africa has not taken place here. They haven't yet adequately adapted to their new surroundings; in many ways they don't have as much security as they did under the old tribal system.

That being the case, we asked, when he first decided to build his hospital, didn't he fear that the people might have too much distrust of the white man to come to him for help?

Dr. Mellon replied that he and his wife knew they were taking a big chance and they wondered, while the hospital was being built, whether the Haitians would welcome it. They didn't have long to wait. Even before the building was completed, people were coming for help. Many nearby villages had been involved in the building of the hospital. They had a chance to get to know the Mellons, and the word spread. In fact, the response was perhaps better than Dr. Mellon felt he, as a foreign white man, deserved.

Why?

Because, he said, the historical record demonstrated that the dominant role of the white man, as the white man saw it, was that of master and slaveholder. And even an illiterate man has a sense of history. He may not know dates, names, and places, but he knows what his own past has been—in fact, often he is reminded. His lack of education doesn't keep him from knowing the difference between right and wrong.

Inevitably, then, Larimer Mellon, like Albert Schweitzer, is in the business of creating a new image for the white man. In an age of blistering color-consciousness, this comes close to being the most important business in the world. —N.C.

As in the Arts

By Winfield Townley Scott

DUSK overground—last light aloft in the trees—
Birdsong, never since morning, lifting once more;
Then birdflight, perfected as it climbs closing,
Most effortless, the stretched wings still in the
Glide up to the bough. All the technics of evening.
Then night, and the young moon trailing a tethered star:
Familiar word, gazed at, inexplicably strange.

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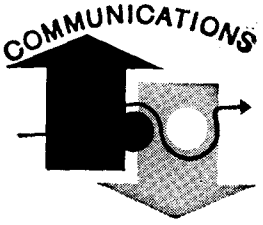

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What Next for the Trib?

THE STORY goes that during Harold Ross's tenure at *The New Yorker* he called in a managing editor one day and summarily fired him. The deposed editor was flabbergasted. Hadn't circulation gone up steadily? Hadn't the magazine made money? Hadn't *The New Yorker* added to its already glittering prestige during the managing editor's term? Had the managing editor made some monumental goof that warranted dismissal? No, Ross replied. Everything the managing editor said about his stewardship was true—circulation had gone up steadily, the editorial operation had been conducted on a high level, the editor had made no dreadful mistake. "But," Ross added, "dammit, you're not a genius!"

Dismissal recently of Robert M. White II as president and editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* brings Ross to mind. The *Trib* is one of the truly great newspapers of the world, overshadowed by its magnificent rival two blocks to the north, but overshadowed withal by probably the greatest newsgathering and newspublishing team the world has ever known. There's simply nothing quite like the *Times*, daily or Sunday; for the *Trib*, it's a little like a ball club, no matter how great, trying to compete with the New York Yankees. Had the *Trib* possessed the *Times*'s coverage and its huge Sunday income to work with over the last twenty years, there would not have been a constantly recurring problem over its management, for the *Trib* is still beautifully written and publishes more and better features than almost any other newspaper in America. Indeed, if the *Trib* had had unlimited income during the past generation, the Reids would still own the property, as they did for nearly a century, and wouldn't have been compelled to sell to John Hay Whitney.

The trouble with the *Trib* is *not* that it doesn't break even on its splendid weekday product. It does, contrary to all the gossip. The trouble with the *Trib* is, essentially, that its Sunday paper simply cannot compete with the Sunday *Times*, a national institution and the retail guide for virtually every department store of any size in the United States. The *Tribune*'s most recent editorial attempt to pull even by means of a tabloid Sunday section devoted to the lively arts dramatizes its very real difficulties in the Sunday field. The section so far doesn't come off: its typography has too much of the flavor of those special sections devoted to Colombia, South Africa, and Western Power Development that nobody ever reads. By burying "Books" at the end of the supplement and refusing, as before, to print this highly important segment of a New York Sunday newspaper of adult readership on better-than-newsprint stock (the *Times* uses special stock so its illustrations come out far more clearly), the Sunday *Trib* has failed to impress those of its subscribers who do read books.

The *Trib* must—and does each weekday—produce an extraordinary writing package to compete with the *Times*. But, in Ross's words, it hasn't had a genius at its helm lately. Not since the 1930s has the *Trib* given the *Times* fits, both daily and Sunday. By no coincidence whatso-

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ever, the *Trib* of the 1930s was in the competent hands of three professionals who were, in concert, the finest newspaperman New York City knew, next to the fabled Carr Van Anda, who literally never went home and made the *Times* what it is today. These *Tribune* three, whose combined talents approached genius, were Grafton Wilcox, the managing editor; Stanley Walker, whom Wilcox had the wit to hire and keep (despite outraged cries from time to time); and Lessing Lanham Engelking, the great copy-handling night city editor. Nothing was too well written to appear in the *Trib* in those days and its staff included such lovely talents as John Lardner, Joseph Alsop, F.P.A., Alva Johnston, Lincoln Barnett, Beverly Smith, Joel Sayre, Sanderson Vanderbilt, Thomas Sugrue, John O'Reilly, Percy Hammond, W. J. MacBeth, Walter Millis, Joseph Driscoll, Richard Watts, Jr., Bob Peck, and so many more it seems positively unfair that they were all on one newspaper staff at one time.

But above and beyond the fabulous staff and the group genius of Wilcox-Walker-Engelking there was, in the 1930s, the fact of Ogden Reid. Mr. Reid owned the paper and was its editor; he was the son of Whitelaw Reid, a fine newspaperman who once ran for Vice President on the Republican ticket and was later Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Ogden Reid, in his own way, was a genius: he had the wit to leave the professionals on his staff alone, to let them run the paper and not interfere on behalf of his own socialite friends. When Ogden Reid died, to the sorrow of every member of his immensely talented stable, the hands-off policy ceased abruptly. The young generation of Reids (Whitelaw II and Ogden Rogers) replaced their father but, unlike him, took on the duties of hourly editing. The great sparkle, wit, and soaring prose that had long been a *Herald Tribune* hallmark vanished almost overnight. The paper has never been quite the same since, for, with the slump in style, many excellent writers no longer had any reason to work there.

In what way are Robert White's troubles symptomatic of the *Trib*'s? Is there a connection between White's departure as the latest casualty in the tenuous life-span of *Tribune* editors and the paper's long-term problems? To begin with, in small towns, an editor must be a joiner to get along at all. In New York, a top editor doesn't have the time to join and shouldn't anyway, for too many friendships and first-class editing are simply and fundamentally incompatible. During his year and a half in New York, White usually passed up the editorial conferences that are held several times each day. He made many friends in New York, but they were personal friends, not professional. And, in Leo Durocher's biting phrase, "Good guys finish last." It is a brutal but true fact that a great editor can have no friends, except professional. Bob White, a joiner from Moscow, Missouri, was beaten by his own good nature before he ever agreed to come aboard as Jock Whitney's executive officer.

Personality aside, White's difficulties at the *Trib* came to a head on the night of November 8-9. By early evening, the paper was prematurely on the streets with an election extra flatly calling Kennedy our President-elect with a majority of "Rooseveltian proportions." This patent absurdity could be condoned in network television, with its ridiculous dependence on "the machine," but it could not be condoned on a newspaperman's newspaper like the *Trib* or *Times*. It's interesting to note that the *Times*, sensing a close race as outlying districts began to balance the early big-city Kennedy bulge, held up its press run for four long and tortured early-morning hours. The *Trib* meanwhile sold half a million papers, gleefully, but paid a dreadful price next day in becoming a laughingstock among serious readers who, in an electronic age, knew perfectly well by 8 A.M. that the 1960 election had become the closest in a century and maybe the closest of all time. White could not be held guiltless in this botch, and his doom was sealed. What comes next for the *Trib*? Ambassador Whitney returns from his post in London early next year, at which time he will become president and publisher. Presumably someone else will be named editor.

Some possible solutions to the *Trib*'s problems come to mind and might be given first consideration, regardless of the new appointment. First off, further efforts should be made to increase the price of both the daily *Herald Tribune* and *Times* from a nickel to a dime. Most of the papers in the West and many in the South and East now sell for a dime; fewer and fewer give away their valuable product for half the price of a telephone call. If the morning *Times* and *Herald Tribune* aren't worth 10 cents, then money has indeed lost all value. Some afternoon papers in New York have already gone to a dime; by comparison, the daily *Times* and *Trib* are absurdly half-priced, but it must be said here and now that the *Trib* has wanted to raise its price for the last three years and the *Times* has consistently refused to go along.

Moreover, the *Trib* ought to become an afternoon newspaper and perhaps forget its Sunday issue, or put out a huge Saturday-weekend edition retaining all of its fabulous Sunday features. There was a time when the Associated Press franchise might have prevented such a move, but since the relatively recent Supreme Court decision that the AP must sell its service to any legitimate client or face monopoly proceedings, the *Herald Tribune* could very well take its long-term AP franchise over into the afternoon field, and probably make a fortune. For, as most New Yorkers will agree, there isn't a really first-rate afternoon newspaper in New York now, and entry of the *Herald Tribune* would give the intelligent audience the *Times* on its way to work and the *Trib* on its way home. What a newspaper town New York would be then!

—Richard L. Tobin.

Robert M. White II.

—*Wide World.*

John Hay Whitney.

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THE CHANGING ADVERTISING SYMBOL

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

IF ANY testimony is needed concerning the basic service performed by advertising symbols – names, trade-marks, and pictorial characters– it may be found in the published transactions of the New York Stock Exchange.

In these listings are the stocks of many companies that are selling at prices in excess of their "book" value; that is, in excess of the value of the tangible assets in physical properties and moneys to which these stocks are entitled.

This excess in price may represent "a lively anticipation of favors to come" from the future prospects of the company. But it usually represents in substantial degree an intangible value called "good will," which these companies have accumulated.

And what is this intangible "good will"? It is the statistical probability that the customer will return. And he will return only to the place or the product that has given him satisfaction. No satisfaction, no return of the customer. No return of the customer, no profit to the manufacturer or merchant.

It is because of this important economic and psychological fact that the advertising symbol plays a major role. The symbol meets the satisfied customer's need for a quick identification of the place or the product to which he wishes to return.

From almost the earliest days of trade we find such symbols, especially pictorial ones, in use.

A few months ago, for example, while wandering through the ruins of Ostia, the ancient seaport of imperial Rome, I came upon its shopping center. And here, in the mosaic pavement before each shop, was a symbol of the type of trade engaged in.

There was an elephant for the importer of wild animals for the Roman games; a dolphin for the fishmonger; a galley for a navigation company; and a slave coming ashore with an amphora over one shoulder for the importer of these ancient wine and olive oil jars.

Throughout the Middle Ages, as trading centers developed, such pictorial symbols were also widely used. They appeared in front of shops to identify the place where certain goods could be found; in craft guild marks to identify the maker and to guarantee the quality wherever the goods might travel; and in the colorful signs for taverns to welcome man and beast.

All graphic communication began with pictures, as is notably illustrated in the British Museum's Egyptian "Book of the Dead." The gradual evolution of these pictures into sound symbols never destroyed the potency of the pictorial ones. Especially for illiterates, or people of other languages, the pictorial symbol remains the most graphic for communication at a distance. And this, incidentally, would seem to be a fact worth remembering as we seek acceptance for our goods or our doctrine in the so-called underdeveloped countries of the world.

As the Industrial Revolution developed, the producer of goods became ever more widely separated from the consumer. This separation became a major factor in economics when, in this country, the continent-binding railroads made the national distribution of magazines possible, and these in turn made national advertising possible.

When, for instance, practically no buyer of shoes any longer knew his bootmaker personally, the symbol of identification and quality became essential. Thus developed the picture of Mr. Douglas in the advertising of men's shoes; of the flexible sole with the Red Cross on it for women's shoes; and of Buster Brown for the shoes of children.

One has only to look through the ad-

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vertising pages of any magazine, such as the *Ladies' Home Journal,* in the early years of this century, to see how extensively these pages were enlivened by pictorial symbols. Here were the mustachioed Mr. Mennen; the neckless Dr. John H. Woodbury; the Gold Dust Twins; the Little Miss Muffet seated on a cake of Fairy Soap; the Old Dutch lady chasing dirt; the Victor dog listening to His Master's Voice; and innumerable others. They became folk characters of America.

In contrast, a look through any current copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal* will disclose few such characters, and those still used play a much diminished role in the advertisement.

One major reason appears to stem from developments in the art of advertising over the last fifty years.

Up to about 1910 the whole doctrine of most promoters of advertising was summed up in such phrases as "It Pays to Advertise" merely by "Keeping Your Name Before the Public," and "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success."

And these statements were true—especially for the *first* advertiser in any given line of merchandise. By merely giving his product identity, and making it the familiar one in a sea of unknowns, he could secure the return of more satis-

fied customers than his unidentifiable competitors could. In this process brand names, trade-marks, and pictorial symbols played a prominent part.

But even before 1910 some advertisers had learned that there were more potentials in advertising than the mere "keeping your name (and symbol) before the public."

The patent medicine advertisers were the first to discover these potentials. As early as 1904, according to John Gunther's recent book on Albert Lasker, one John D. Kennedy, coming out of the patent medicine business, pointed them out to Lasker.

Advertising, said Kennedy, was "Salesmanship in Print." And the way to make salesmanship in print work was to give the reader a "Reason-Why" he should try the product.

Later, another alumnus of the patent medicine business, Claude C. Hopkins, showed Lasker how to find or invent the "Reason-Why" for any product: such as bottles "purified" with "live steam" for Schlitz beer; "mucin plaque" on teeth which only Pepsodent could remove; cereals "shot from guns" for new products of the Quaker Oats Company. And so on.

But in the advertising presentation of such ideas both Kennedy and Hopkins held that words were generally more powerful than pictures. Their advertisements were characterized by "long copy," and indeed Hopkins once said that he begrudged any space given up to pictures which might have been used for words.

As the success of this "Reason-Why" kind of advertising was demonstrated in case after case, the whole of advertising was slowly influenced in this direction. And this, it appears, contributed to the decline of the purely pictorial symbol in advertising.

Other equally strong influences were at work. In 1911 Stanley Resor demonstrated afresh the power of pictures in a series of "Skin You Love to Touch" advertisements for Woodbury's Facial Soap. These advertisements represented "one of the three most important developments ever made in advertising," Lasker said to this writer in 1929. But this was because the pictures were used, not as symbols, but to add emotional appeal to "Reason-Why" and long copy.

Again, in 1917, Resor revolutionized food advertising by making full use of the newer pictorial possibilities in four-color magazine printing. In the first schedule of twelve full-color pages in any magazine, he took Libby's foods out of their cans, made them enticing on the printed page, and showed women new ways to use and serve them.

In these developments both the neckless head of Dr. Woodbury and Libby's "Little Cook" symbols disappeared from the advertising.

As time marched on still other influences worked to eliminate, modify, or change the use of the older symbols.

One of the most influential was the spate of new products born of our developing industrial research and technology. These products, often being new in kind, tended to be given trademarked names with generic connotations—as in Crisco, Ipana, Arrid, and today Metrecal. These protected names became the symbols.

Another major influence came from the development of self-service stores in the food field. In these the force of the old-time "dealer's recommendation" in the sale of products disappeared. Here the woman shopper was on her own as she ranged the shelves. Quick identification of her favorites remained important, but eye attraction in the package design, and lure of the product inside the package, came to be at least equally important.

All this contributed to the development of package-designing specialists. They, too, tried to "take the product out of the package," and to display it or its results in use as realistically and alluringly as possible on the face of the package. Or, if this sort of product visualization proved difficult, these designers, often influenced by modern art, sought both striking shelf display values and connotations of modernity in abstract designs and colors.

All these developments tended either to crowd out or reduce the space on

Not all advertising symbols are abstract.

the package for the older pictorial character. If any of the old symbol remained it tended to appear in a new form, as in the Betty Crocker spoon; or in a gradual updating of the figure, as in the evolution of the Old Dutch lady into a smart young housewife.

All this is not to say that the pictorial symbol has lost its usefulness in advertising. Advertising ingenuity has not come to an end, and in some cases ways have been found to give even an old symbol increased appeal.

One such case arose when evidence was discovered that "Aunt Jemima" was not just a created trade-mark, but had had both a local habitation and that name on an ante-bellum Mississippi River plantation. Her story, as a legend, made her almost as much a part of our steamboating Americana as Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Today she goes genially on, helping women to flip her pancakes in many homes, and, in living impersonations, flipping them herself in many places.

So, too, does the mythological "Green Giant" go merrily on, effectively symbolizing the best of peas and other vegetables, and the good earth from which they come.

And what is the "Man With the Eye Patch" but a new kind of symbol—a living one—with the power not only to display the goods, but to symbolize the quality folks who wear them?

With the development of television, our airways have become crowded with animated pictorial characters associated with many kinds of products. But these are seldom, if ever, true symbols. They may (or may not) add entertainment interest to the commercial. But they come and go with the winds of novelty, and have yet to prove—as

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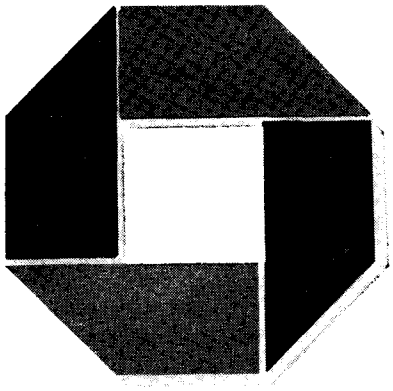
far as any data this writer has seen—their effectiveness as selling symbols.

In another area there has been a rapid increase in the use of a newer kind of symbol, which might be called the "corporate shorthand" one. Examples are the G.E. of General Electric, the I in the O of Owens-Illinois, and the RCA of the Radio Corporation of America.

This development seems to be related to the ever-widening diversification of corporate activities and interests—especially in the industrial advertising field—and the felt need for something to symbolize and unify these diversified activities. A great array of such symbols can be seen in any current issue of *Fortune*, including some that are pure abstract design.

Recently the newest of these abstract corporate symbols was impressively announced by the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York. It is a hexagonal design of four great surfaces surrounding an open square. "This strong, vigorous symbol," says the bank, "with its four sections bordering a square center, is indicative of our Bank's character and diversity." Presumably meaning that this bank stands four-square, as the saying is, in all its multifarious activities—an explanation such as many of us would be glad to have when viewing most abstract art.



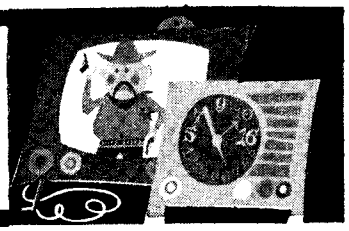
Chase Manhattan Bank's new symbol.

But the power of the symbol goes beyond mere identification, important as that is. The cross, the flag, the hammer-and-sickle all tell us that the symbol can trigger whole clusters of beliefs, emotions, and loyalties of great potency. They can do it quicker than words.

It may be that such symbols at times acquire the substituted stimulus status of the conditioned-reflex experiments. If so, their potential for eliciting the kinds of response which advertising seeks may not safely be ignored.

Especially if there is truth in what some of our educators are now telling us about the woeful reading deficiencies of the oncoming generation!

Audio/Video



The Coming Breakthrough in TV Channels

By Robert Lewis Shayon

TWO CRUCIAL events are shaping up for American television early next year. In New York City, the Federal Communications Commission will begin spending over $2 million, authorized by the Congress, in a two-year test to find out whether television programs can successfully be transmitted and received in a "canyon city" on the Ultra High Frequency (UHF) band. On Capitol Hill, in Washington, D. C., a bill will be introduced, on the recommendation of the FCC, to give the Commission authority to set minimum performance standards for all television receivers transported in interstate commerce. If the bill is passed, the FCC plans to require that all such sets be capable of receiving programs transmitted on the UHF band, as well as on Very High Frequency (the current standard band, Channels 2 to 13). It is generally assumed that the outcome of both events, or either of them, will materially decide the fate of the long, tortuous, and frustrating battle between the UHF and the VHF frequencies for domination of the United States television scene. My hunch, however, after exposure to the rival claims of the contending factions, and to the tensions among the government referees, is that the end is finally in sight, no matter how the Washington and New York events develop, and that the winner will be UHF.

The victory will result in the movement of television into UHF (seventy channels between 14 and 83); the VHF spectrum space will be made available to the mobile and common carrier services. This will mean that the FCC's hope, first ventured in 1952, of attaining a first-class television service for the nation, of having more than 2,000 stations, as against the 560-odd now on the air, may become a reality. It will mean the national manufacture and sale, voluntarily by the industry, if not by law, of all-channel television sets that can receive all UHF and all VHF channels. These sets may be slightly more costly to the public in the beginning; but the extra price will be more than balanced by the extra value of being able to receive many more stations (especially educational television stations). The transition will probably not be made at an arbitrary date, but gradually, and in rhythm with normal replacement of sets by the buying public. Whether the breakthrough to multiplicity of stations will lead to a greater diversity in programs, to an improvement in the *quality* of the programs, is another matter, which we defer momentarily.

Early TV allocations were made in the VHF portion of the spectrum, because VHF signals travel longer distances than UHF; but there is more space for individual stations in the UHF portion. When television reached its authentic operational stage after World War II, the VHF stations and the VHF receivers had attained a favored position. Some industry groups argued that the UHF was the best place for television; but they lost the argument to other groups who held that UHF was unsatisfactory and needed research and experimentation that would take many years. Aware of the long-range limitations of VHF, the Commission nevertheless gave it the nod. One can now see that it was a shortsighted decision. The verdict did not solve—it merely multiplied—television's major technical problems.

FOR eight years, we have been running television under a dual system, VHF and UHF. The two services were supposed to be well-matched competitors; but UHF stations, especially in cities where VHF stations were already established, have fallen like flies. The blame has been fixed on the receiver problem, on the "bugs" in UHF transmission and reception, and on the incompetencies of the UHF broadcasters. The UHF people have countered with veiled accusations of a "vested interest conspiracy" among big-time VHF broadcasters and the set manufacturers. Indeed, the pattern suggests patient stalling by the "ins." As in sociology, UHF research and ex-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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The Face Is Familiar

Scarcely more than a glance is needed to recognize these pictures as the collective face of leadership throughout the world.

Over the past six years these faces, and many others like them, have become a familiar sight to millions of American families who have watched them being interviewed each week on the CBS Television Network's notable public affairs program FACE THE NATION.

In a series of historic interviews FACE THE NATION gave Americans their first view of Premier Khrushchev in the Kremlin, President Nasser in his office in the Kubbeh Palace and Prime Minister Nehru in his home in New Delhi—an occasion that inspired *The Christian Science Monitor* to remark: "Some events and ideas can be conveyed by TV as no newspaper or magazine can hope to convey them...We only wish there were more programs like CBS's 'Face The Nation' interview..."

You can be sure there will be more. In line with the network's continuing effort to present the great issues and personalities of the day to ever-increasing audiences, FACE THE NATION is currently being broadcast in peak viewing time. It is presented on two out of three consecutive Monday nights at 10:30 pm EST, enabling the network's affiliated stations to offer a similar type of program on the third Monday.

It will reveal the face of leadership during the 1960's—the character and quality of those men and women who will leave their mark on the present decade and, in leaving it, alter the course of our lives. There will be no better place to keep an eye on them than FACE THE NATION.

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

(Reading from left to right in chronological order of appearance) **Row 1** Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, Sen. Clifford Case, Sen. J. William Fulbright, Sen. Mike Mansfield, Paul Butler, Harold E. Stassen, Sen. Everett Dirksen, Rep. James P. Richards, James P. Mitchell, Rep. Joseph Martin, Sen. Prescott Bush, Sen. James O. Eastland, George M. Humphrey **Row 2** Sen. Warren G. Magnuson, Rep. John W. McCormack, Sen. William F. Knowland, Sen. Alexander Wiley, Gov. G. Mennen Williams, Sen. Paul H. Douglas, Ezra Taft Benson, Sen. Estes Kefauver, Sen. Leverett Saltonstall, Sen. Albert Gore, Sen. Richard B. Russell, Sen. Clinton Anderson, Leonard Hall **Row 3** Sen. Wayne Morse, Adm. Lewis Strauss, John L. Lewis, Henry Cabot Lodge, James C. Hagerty, Henry A. Wallace, Dave Beck, Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, Sen. James H. Duff, Gov. Robert Meyner, Sen. Barry Goldwater, George Meany, Adlai Stevenson **Row 4** George V. Allen, Gov. Fred Hall, Abba Eban, Sen. Styles Bridges, Sen. Allen Ellender, Rep. George H. Mahon, Thomas Finletter, Adm. *Arleigh Burke, Sen. John L. McClellan, Herbert Brownell, Jr., Sen. John F. Kennedy,* Thomas E. Dewey, Walter Reuther **Row 5** Arthur Summerfield, John Foster Dulles, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, Sen. John Sherman Cooper, Rep. Francis E. Walter, Gen. Alfred Gruenther, Hugh Gaitskell, Fred A. Seaton, James B. Carey, Sen. Irving Ives, Sen. Jacob K. Javits, Gen. Lauris Norstad **Row 6** Rep. Emanuel Celler, Nikita Khrushchev, Dr. Willard Libby, Jawaharlal Nehru, Sen. H. Alexander Smith, Sen. J. Strom Thurmond, Sen. Kenneth B. Keating, Sen. Henry M. Jackson, Gov. Frank G. Clement, Konrad Adenauer, Norman Thomas, Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, Willy Brandt **Row 7** Dr. James B. Conant, David Ben-Gurion, Dr. Hugh Dryden, Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Neil McElroy, Dr. Herbert York, Rep. Oren Harris, Dr. Charles Malik, Sen. Frank Church, Gov. Orval Faubus, Roy Wilkins, Prince Karim-Aga Khan, V. K. Krishna Menon **Row 8** Sen. George A. Smathers, Gov. Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, Maj. Gen. John B. Medaris, Fidel Castro, Rep. Overton Brooks, William H. Draper, King Hussein, Sen. Thruston B. Morton, Rep. Chet Holifield, Ludwig Erhard, Douglas Dillon, Sen. Stuart Symington, Rep. F. Edward Hebert **Row 9** James R. Hoffa, Gov. LeRoy Collins, Sen. John J. Sparkman, Dr. T. Keith Glennan, Gov. Michael V. DiSalle, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Rep. William E. Miller, Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson, Charles H. Percy, Rep. Chester Bowles, Gov. David L. Lawrence, Gov. Abraham Ribicoff, Lt. Gen. Arthur Trudeau.

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WHO SAYS THE COMICS ARE DEAD?

By JOHN TEBBEL

IS THERE a man in America with soul so dead that he does not know the names of Peanuts, Li'l Abner, Pogo, Dick Tracy, Mutt & Jeff, Blondie, Little Orphan Annie, and Steve Canyon? A statistical echo answers: only two out of every ten adult Americans are so ignorant.

To more than a hundred million of us, adults and children, the people of the comic strips are a daily part of our lives, as familiar as friends and families and much easier to live with. The comic strip itself is a distinctively American art form, a part of our culture and a steady contributor to our language. It has been a faithful reflector of the national psyche since the 1890s, though some have found the reflection painful to look upon; indeed, the comics have been steadily deplored in some quarters since the day they were born.

To the men who make and sell them, comics are a serious business. The fact that most Americans are such devoted readers only makes the job of the creators more difficult. Other printed media are directed, by and large, to a specific market, but the comics interest everyone, rich or poor, rural or urban, professional or laborer, whatever his color or creed; and the audience ranges in age from the grandfather to the youngest grandchild who sits on his lap and hears the comics read to him. Further, it is an audience that varies from newspaper to newspaper. No two newspapers have the same roster of comics.

When an editor makes up his comic section, he is theoretically able to choose from more than 400 different features offered by twenty-three syndicates, but for reasons of economy he will select only twenty-five to thirty-five, and he is also restricted by the fact that competing newspapers in a given circulation area cannot have the same strips. The editor selects from those available to him, on the basis of his own preferences and the likes and dislikes of his readers. The most direct method of readership testing is to leave out a strip. Comics history is full of stories relating the outraged responses of readers who thought they were about to be deprived of a favorite and did everything but lynch the editor until it was restored.

Selling a new strip, consequently, is an unpredictable business. Like a Broadway show or a first novel, it may be an instantaneous hit and a best-seller. On the other hand, it may be popular in one part of the country and a total failure in some other region, proving once more the truism that what is one man's humor is another man's yawn. Once established, however, a strip's popularity is likely to be long-lived; "The Katzenjammer Kids," 1897, and "Bringing Up Father," 1912, are still alive and prospering.

As with all media that reach large numbers of people, comic strips have recurring troubles with censors, whether from sociologists and psychiatrists decrying sex and violence, or from organized censoring groups out to clean up everything. Most of the abuses have occurred in comic books rather than in the daily and Sunday strips, and against these books the outcry was so great six years ago that the Comics Magazine Association of America adopted its own self-regulatory program, a Comics Code Authority that placed its seal on approved magazines. So successful has the Authority's work been that the Fall 1960 edition of the NODL Newsletter, official publication of the National Office for Decent Literature, declared it could find no comics which were "objectionable for youth."

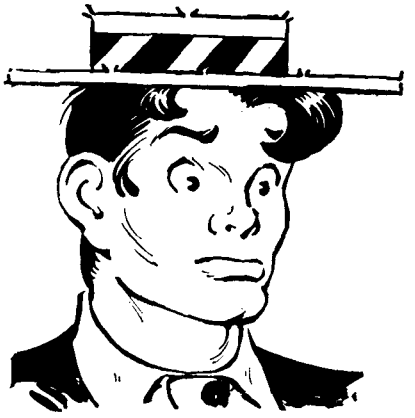
THE comics industry is also compelled to defend itself from time to time against myths that hamper its advertising sales effort. One of the most persistent of these has been the idea, in spite of every common observation to the contrary, that only lowbrows read comics. But a survey made for the Newspaper Comics Council, Inc., by Drs. Edward J. Robinson and David Manning White, of Boston University, reported only a few months ago that highly educated people, college graduates all, were reading comics with as much fervor as unskilled laborers. Nor were their top ten favorites limited to such intellectual delights as "Peanuts," "Pogo," and "Miss Peach." Ranking with the others were "Steve Canyon," "Blondie," "Mutt & Jeff," and "Dick Tracy."

Recently the comic strip entrepreneurs have had something else to worry about. In common with other print media, comics have felt the constant, grinding impact of television in the place where it hurts most—the advertising dollar.

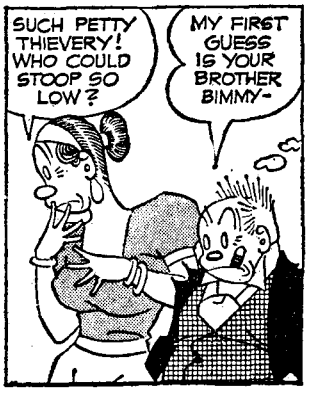
Advertising came into the comics business relatively late, in 1931, when William Randolph Hearst acquired *Puck, The Comic Weekly*, and made it a Sunday supplement. By coincidence, that was the year two young pioneer

"As familiar as friends and families."

"Blondie."



"Li'l Abner."



"Bringing Up Father."

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researchers, George Gallup and Carl Nelson, were working on a project at Drake University, in Des Moines, which was one of the earliest attempts to measure the readership of Sunday newspapers. They found that the two best-read sections were the comics and a paper's own magazine section.

News of this discovery filtered back to Madison Avenue, where the executives of such large agencies as Young & Rubicam and J. Walter Thompson found it highly useful in stimulating the appetites of advertisers and publishers alike. Ten newspapers, sensing revenue, put up enough money to hire an advertising sales staff, and in 1932 Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc., was born, ready to sell advertising in Sunday comic sections.

For a decade Metro, as it came to be known in the trade, had an uphill climb. By 1940 its annual business was no more than $3.5 million and it employed only thirty-seven people. But then, for the next ten years, the newspaper comics business skyrocketed to a well-rounded $25 million in 1950, of which more than 50 per cent was handled by Metro. A major reason, of course, was the war, which created a paper shortage that ultimately gave newspapers a distinct advantage over magazines as an advertising medium.

Then, shortly after the Fifties began, television emerged in full cry and disaster followed. Advertisers, turning to the new medium, were educated to think in the large figures television demanded, and when it came time to divide the budget, the magic screen absorbed most of the money. Since comics took the largest slice out of what was left for the print media—the comic section has for years been the most expensive part of the paper—they were the easiest to cut. In the horrendous winter of 1953-54, Metro lost 30 per cent of its business.

Placed on a pay-as-you-go basis by its new boss, Charles T. Kline, Metro contrived through shrewd management to weather that shock and others, and can now take some comfort in the recent flattening out of a seven-year decline. But the end is not yet. The frightening cost of television mounts higher annually, taking more and more of the advertising dollar, and unfortunately many of television's big clients are also the comics' best customers. An advertiser like Procter & Gamble, for instance, spends ninety cents out of every ad dollar for television. Metro, although it represents more than 40 per cent of all the comics circulation in the country, today does only about one-third of the business it did in 1953. Where will it all end? Kline believes that changing the Sunday comic section to tabloid size may be an answer. Doubtless there are others.

So what else is new in the comics biz? Is the television monster likely to be the death of it? In this respect the comics are on firmer ground than any of the other print media. For example, no major Sunday color comic section has been discontinued since 1932 (although individual strips may come and go), but nearly half the consumer magazines published in that year are defunct today. Comics are changing, as they always have, but their popularity seems to be increasing, if anything. To understand where they may be going, it is helpful to take a quick look at where they have been.

Since Richard F. Outcault's "Yellow Kid" first appeared in Pulitzer's New York *Evening World* in 1896, shortly thereafter to be shanghaied by Hearst for his new *Journal*, the comics have followed rather broad but definite lines of development. The early years belong to the "Pow!" "Bang!" "Sock!" school of humor. Rudolph Dirks's "Katzenjammer Kids" were hell-raisers, and the other pioneers like "Happy Hooligan" and "Buster Brown" were slapstick affairs designed for very young readers.

When editors discovered that adults were reading the comics too, the shape of the humor changed to satire directed at blundering adults. Bud Fisher, in 1907, created "Mutt & Jeff" as a daily cross-page idea, and thus gave birth to the modern comic strip. Fisher also began the steady flow of colorful phrases from strip to everyday language: "fall guy," "inside stuff," "got his goat"—these were among the gems Fisher transmitted from the racetrack.

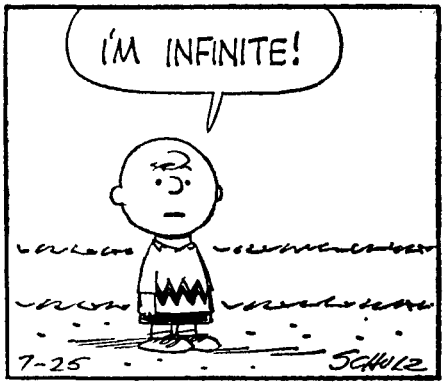
Nostalgic readers often refer to these early-century days as the era of really "funny" comics. In reality, the bad jokes in the old strips were as deplorable as their bad taste. Minorities were burlesqued tastelessly; poverty was sneered at; most of the characters were infantile.

There were exceptions. George Herriman's "Krazy Kat" was derived superficially from the "Pow!" school, but its sophistication eventually made it the intellectuals' comic, analyzed and admired inordinately for a generation. Shortly before World War I another deviation occurred from the old formulas and the family strip began. George McManus's "Bringing Up Father" touched off an explosion of satire, most of it centered on married life. Such examples as "Mr. and Mrs." and "The Gumps" brought new millions of readers to newspapers.

In the Twenties, married-life satire inevitably broadened into the true family story, in some of which the characters grew up, as in "Gasoline Alley," and in others merely changed, as in "Little Orphan Annie." Slapstick hung on in "Barney Google," "Moon Mullins," and "Boob McNutt," injecting more new phrases into the vernacular—"baloney," "yardbird," "sweet mama," "the heebie-jeebies."

After the Crash, readers sought release from the hard realities of the Thirties and found it in "Tarzan," "Jungle Jim," "Flash Gordon," "Buck Rogers," "Superman," and "Terry and the Pirates." There was also, paradoxically, a new comic type so realistic that it surpassed reality. "Dick Tracy" and "Joe Palooka" were, in a sense, nostalgic recollections of the gangster-ridden, sports-loving Twenties. But

"Pogo."



"Peanuts."

"Terry and the Pirates."

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the phenomenon of the Thirties was the success of that unclassifiable strip of social satire, Al Capp's "Li'l Abner," often referred to as a twentieth-century folk tale.

The comics were heavily serious during World War II, but when it was over another dimension appeared with the introduction of such intellectual characters as "Pogo" and "Peanuts." Added to the old favorites and the more recent creations of the Thirties, the comics of the past decade have rounded out a field that is now so comprehensive that it runs from slapstick to serialized heavy drama. Comics today are much better drawn than they once were; artists pay far more attention to detail, and the dialogue in some is on the level of movie scripts and light novels.

Government has discovered comics as a propaganda weapon, both at home and abroad. When Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana first visited America, an artist from the United States Information Agency chronicled the highlights of his trip in a simple, comics-style narrative which was distributed to more than fifty nations. The agency also has a strip called "Visit to America," depicting the adventures and travels of a young Asian student who wants to learn about America by traveling from coast to coast. This strip runs in more than 3,000 newspapers in forty countries.

At home the Air Force has learned how to use Milt Caniff's 30,000,000 readers in 642 newspapers to propagandize its viewpoint when its budget is cut. It is no accident that "Colonel Steve Canyon," Caniff's creation, speaks with the voice of Air Force authority; the service has assigned a public information officer, Major William J. Lookadew (who appears in the strip as Major Luke Adew) to see that Caniff gets accurate background material along with Air Force ideas. A similar spokesman is "Major Terry Lee," of "Terry and the Pirates," while the Navy has its own front man in the comics, "Commander Buz Sawyer." Only the Army is stuck with a sad-sack G.I. character named "Beetle Bailey."

As for the future, experts who study comic strip trends closely foresee more intellectual strips and a moving away from heavy soap-opera narratives to the gag-a-day kind of strip. Space adventures are increasingly popular, again reflecting the times.

If cycles come full circle, we may confidently expect to see in another quarter-century two boy space adventurers in a new strip called "The Jupiter Kids." One bends over, see? Then the other hauls up his heavy spaceboot, and "Pow!"

A Farewell to Personal History

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE WORLD of the foreign correspondent has undergone vast changes in the last twenty years, both publicly and privately. At once more complicated and in many ways more difficult to cover, it no longer represents as glamourous a personal challenge. In a number of respects, this is a pity, for it seems to me that newspapers, complete as they are, could do with a bit more personal journalism.

These thoughts are prompted by a rereading, twenty-five years after it first appeared, of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History." Sheean has all his life been *engagé*. He has experienced his dead ends, but he represents that rare type of American author-journalist – John Reed and Lincoln Steffens were others –whose European counterparts are activists like André Malraux and Arthur Koestler; their paler descendants today can be found more often in the slim pages of the London *Observer* and other British publications than in the fat *New York Times* and other American newspapers. There are, of course, exceptions; the *Times*'s Abe Rosenthal manages wonderfully to mix fact with feeling, as in his stories from Poland and his personal response to India and Africa. But, overall, there is a price paid for what we are proudest of– complete, constant, and dispassionate coverage.

Frank Bartholomew, president of United Press International, wrote recently in response to some questions I put to him: "More and faster travel and better communication have dissolved some of the glamour that hung about the foreign correspondent in slower days when his post seemed farther away. He has himself contributed to this deglamourization by making his readers better informed and more familiar with the country in which he works." This is true, and beyond the narrowing of time and space it should be noted, also, that political circumstances have made foreign reporting more drab in some cases. Consider China, for example. In the immediate postwar period, the whole country, from Canton to Harbin and out west, was open to travel, and some fine personal journalism resulted (perhaps because there weren't so many telegraph offices handy). As I look back to those years before the Communists took over, and compare them not unfavorably with the 1927 of Sheean's magnificent China chapter, I feel sorry for my friend Til Durdin, the veteran Asian correspondent of the *Times*. Where Durdin himself once wandered at will throughout China, in recent years, night after night, mostly between midnight and four A.M., he has had to sit through the drudgery in Hong Kong of listening for the latest official Communist news from the Peking radio; then he has had to fit it, as best as he can, into the painstaking analyses he and his translators have made from reading the Communist mainland press.

This process of analysis and dissection, as Bartholomew says, is important –it would be better, of course, to get our correspondents back into China. Yet my feeling persists that the world of Vincent Sheean in the decade from 1918 to 1929, which "Personal History" encompasses, is not as far removed as correspondents have let it become from the world of today. Perhaps it is the fault of the editors, who have overemphasized improvements in communications and the competitive deadline and service factors, along with the daily demand for hard fact and often repetitive summary. As one reader, I would rather wait for a good long story of personal experience and interpretation about the Congo, say, than follow the almost hourly ramifications of the struggle there. The wire services try to vary the fare by offering us weekly "situationers," but, though atmospheric, these are still largely impersonal, and consequently fragmented and flat. The *Times* has encouraged interpretive roundups, but, again with some notable exceptions, they lack the stamp of the writers' personalities and the results too frequently are redundant and strained. One reason the news-magazines have, in some ways, given us superior foreign coverage is precisely the unforced, digestive time quotient. Yet their space problems, and editorial restraints at home, have inhibited the sort of combination of personal response-perspective-and-color that I am talking about, the sort of thing Sheean gave us in depth when he interviewed Borodin or Abd el-Krim, or simply watched Poincaré or the League of Nations flounder. When a correspondent has to meet a daily deadline, there is

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scarcely time for him to take, as Sheean says, "the long view."

There is another factor of change. Prior to the last war, most of the men the wire services and the "specials" (individual papers) had abroad were seasoned journalists who had done their homework in history and who, if they were not all as *engagé* as Sheean, knew the background as well as the foreground of what they were writing about. The war perforce changed a good deal of that. A younger crop of war correspondents took over, and some of them were very good indeed, but when the war ended and the complicated, cataclysmic unfolding of the postwar period began, many who stayed abroad were lost in the maze. They were apolitical animals, and they covered revolutions as battles, sports events, or fires. To avoid being bombarded by angry letters from old friends, let me add that I believe there has been an improvement in the caliber of American correspondents during the last seven or eight years, though the general lack of language facilities remains a grave shortcoming. As a group, they have become more knowledgeable, but on a less profound level than their prewar predecessors; and I submit, using the word hesitantly because of its dangerous journalistic connotations, they are too *uncommitted* (I mean this in a worldly and professional, not necessarily political sense).

Having said all this, I don't believe the claims of some that foreign correspondence is in a sharp decline. While the total number of working reporters abroad, including random representatives of "specials," has probably decreased slightly in ten years, the basic, larger services (including radio and TV) are bigger and broader. Here are the results of a small private survey I have made:

Although the merger of INS and the UP probably caused some diminution of total wire coverage (the UP picked up only a few overseas INS men), UPI today has ninety-four overseas bureaus with approximately 1,000 full-time employees, between 600 and 700 of whom write copy. This represents a slight increase since 1950. While the key men are Americans, the majority—staffers and stringers—are not. As Bartholomew aptly points out, even when the news is highly controversial there is no authority for the belief that an American will automatically do a better job than a native reporter. "I have found good newsmen in all countries I have visited (with the exception of those behind the Iron Curtain) to be cut pretty much from the same cloth, with the same respect for their profession and the same urge to do a good job," Bar-

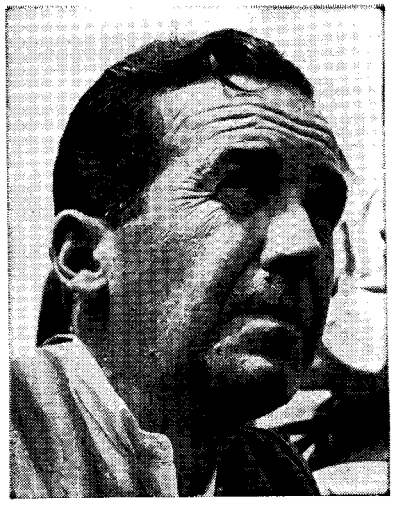
Foreign Correspondence Was a Personal Thing

Vincent Sheean.

Ernie Pyle.

Quentin Reynolds.

Marguerite Higgins.



Edward R. Murrow.

Andre Malraux.

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tholomew says. "Except in time of war, we regard the nationalities of our correspondents as secondary to ability."

While I have no over-all figures for the Associated Press employees abroad —presumably the total is about the same as for UPI—the number of Americans (about seventy) represents an increase of 15 per cent since 1950; AP has more than 100 staff nationals, while the number of local stringers has increased 25 per cent, largely in Africa. As in the case of UPI, part of the general employee increase is the result of wider distribution abroad as well as at home. Due to the competition of UPI and the *Times* service, AP has to fight harder for space than it did ten years ago, but more interpretive material as well as spot news is being moved (the automatic teletype has helped this) and the smaller and medium-sized papers, in particular, are using more foreign copy.

The *Times* has between forty and fifty staffers regularly assigned abroad —the number fluctuates because some men (Homer Bigart, Harrison Salisbury, etc.) move out sporadically on special "brush fire" or interpretive assignments for weeks or months at a time. In general, the *Times* moves its men around more than it used to. The paper has some 125 stringers, about half of whom are natives; most of the others are non-American "Europeans." On an average, the *Times* runs twenty-five columns of foreign news a day and up to forty on Sundays in the main news sections. This is roughly the same as ten years ago, though far more text material is used from abroad and the general increase in the paper's size has enabled more non-spot news copy to be held for a day or two.

The *Herald Tribune* maintains a staff of seven regular men abroad, and supplements its European coverage by using its *Paris Herald* staff. The extent of foreign coverage out of New York has not changed much in ten years, but a recent tie-in with the London *Observer* has materially improved the flow and quality of foreign copy (since the paper, unlike the *Times*, does not take Reuter's, the *Observer* helps especially in such places as Peking and India). Foreign copy is accorded from five to fifteen columns daily. Columnists such as Lippmann and Alsop supplement this in their respective valuable ways.

It is in the field of radio and TV that foreign coverage has vastly increased in the last decade, and the competition here could well force the press to concentrate more on the personal and interpretive level.

NBC, which ten years ago had regular bureaus in London, Paris, Bonn, and Tokyo, now also has them in Havana, Rome, Moscow, Cairo, Athens, New Delhi, and Hong Kong. The company has forty-five regularly employed men overseas, about double the number a decade ago, and fourteen are full-time radio broadcasters. In all, it is estimated that foreign radio coverage has trebled in the last ten years, and one of NBC's most useful programs is "Emphasis," which on a constant, daily basis gives correspondents a chance to speak in personal, adventurous terms. TV coverage is, of course, a fairly recent phenomenon, but NBC now has approximately 100 cameramen regularly available overseas, of whom a dozen are full-time staffers. The development of cable film, whereby a minute of film can be transmitted in 100 minutes, enables programs such as the Huntley-Brinkley show to use live film two or three hours after an event abroad has occurred.

CBS has a score of full-time correspondents abroad, having extended its regular coverage in ten years from Paris, London, Bonn, Rome, Tokyo, Moscow, and Hong Kong to New Delhi, Beirut, Cairo, Nairobi, and Havana, The network has approximately thirty regular stringers, some of whom cover large areas (there are five such in Africa alone). TV camera crews have trebled the number of total employees abroad in the last six or seven years. Beginning this month, CBS radio will devote ten minutes every hour (instead of five) to news, and much of this will continue to emanate from abroad. On TV, foreign news has jumped substantially in the last few years. In addition, such shows as "CBS Reports" and "The 20th Century" are frequently devoted to foreign subjects.

The significance of this survey is necessarily limited and there is no intention to overstress it. It simply seems to me to show a healthy awareness on the part of those concerned of the ever-increasing problems of foreign coverage. The challenge of world events, and the need for evocative and provocative comment on them is greater than ever, and glamour is still there to be dealt with too. But quantity has never been a substitute for quality—nor facts for feelings.

The Fire-Horse Instinct

I RETURNED to Paris by way of Riga and Berlin. My immediate problem was to get the journalistic results of the Persian journey down on paper as quickly as possible . . . [but] I was already hankering after China, where the armies of the Kuomintang were making their belated advance towards the north. This time, I determined, there would be no book-writing about it. Journalism of the most immediate variety (temporary information) had no place within book covers, as the Persian experience had shown. Not only was it presumptuous to write anything about a country on such scant acquaintance, but the skin-deep phenomena, those I still felt qualified to observe, changed so rapidly that the only place for them was the convenient, perishable newspaper. True, I already knew a great deal more about China than I ever had known about Persia. I had been reading books about China all my life, and if much (even most) of what I knew was wrong . . . it still constituted some kind of familiarity with the subject, enough to keep me from being at the mercy of the first talkative person I might meet after getting off the boat at Shanghai. In fact, I thought, reading the contradictory and sketchy reports in the London and Paris papers, that the Chinese Revolution in its present stage was an event—a whole school of events—that I could hardly bear to miss. Certain kinds of events to which newspapers gave their attention had this effect on me for years, and had to be explained (when I thought of it) by the antique fancy that newspapermen, like fire horses, could never outgrow their instinct for the "game." It seems to me now that this was no explanation, for the events that aroused my fire-horse instinct were not, actually, the ones the newspapers found most interesting. I cared nothing about such events as earthquakes, murders, political elections in the United States, divorces, or transatlantic flights (except Lindbergh's, which captured every imagination). The events that aroused in me the desire to attend, to witness, were invariably those in which large numbers of men were engaged in some difficult enterprise involving a fundamental idea—an idea of race, class or even of nation. In what looked like the impending triumph of the Chinese Revolution there was an event of the kind that excited imagination to the utmost. Without regard to what kind of job I might do in China, I wanted above all to get there.

—From "Personal History," by Vincent Sheean.

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So You Want to Run a Weekly

A roundup of recently published books about the world of communications and the people in it.

BURIED in the mind of more than one big-city newspaperman, harried by cruel deadlines, is the fond, secret dream of someday owning a country weekly. In a leisurely pastoral setting, so the dream runs, one could idle the days away in fishing, reading, perhaps even writing that novel—and, oh yes, dashing off a few news stories once a week. But the testimony of one man who tried it suggests that it isn't quite so simple.

Weimar Jones had worked on North Carolina dailies in a variety of assignments, from reporter to city editor, when in 1945 he upped and bought the Franklin *Press*, a weekly in a small mountain town in the state's western tip. Now, after fifteen years on the job, his reflections on the country newspaper business have been compiled in **"My Affair With a Weekly"** (John F. Blair, $2.75), consisting of thirty-odd samples from his column, "Strictly Personal." His pieces, rambling over the gamut of rural life, are filled with reminiscences, anecdotes, and observations, some fresh and vivid, some, I'm afraid, banal. There is, for example, a column about his encounter with a blind Negro woman on a bus, a story told with a lean economy that makes every line ring with authenticity and conviction. There is, on the other hand, an extended cliché celebrating the unrecognized greatness of the local folk, a sort of elegy written in a country weekly.

The most persuasive parts of Mr. Jones's book are those in which he tells how his dream turned out. In a foreword he writes:

> There have been times when I wished I'd never heard of the Franklin *Press*, when I longed for the carefree life of a city reporter, with its relative ease and security; times when I felt I'd had all I could take of the long hours, the problems, the frustrations that go with a weekly; yes, and the loneliness—the terrible loneliness that comes when you seemingly are a minority of one. But those times have been rare. Usually, it has been fun.

The reason, he makes clear, is that running a country weekly is not so much a job as a mission: if the demands are great, so are the opportunities. As Mr. Jones writes, "Ideas begotten by honesty, courage, and devotion to truth leap easily over the physical barriers of size and numbers and distance; hence the tiniest county weekly can have an influence that is both deep and wide." This is no doubt one reason why his "affair" with a weekly, like that of several thousand of his counterparts across the country, seems to have ripened into a lasting union.

ON THE AIR: The growing significance of radio and TV as news media can be roughly measured by a quiet revolution that has taken place over the last two decades. While AP and UPI once refused to sell their news services to radio stations, today they are serving about 25 per cent more broadcasters than newspapers. Radio and TV stations, aware that they can beat newspapers hands down on fast-breaking stories and bulletins (witness last month's seesaw election returns), have been quick to make the most of their ability to plug the news gap between editions of the local paper.

A guided tour through the world of this revolution is provided by **"Television and Radio News"** (Macmillan, $5.95), a combination survey and how-to-do-it book written by a trio of radio-TV journalists, Bob Siller of ABC, Hal Terkel of CBS, and Ted White of New York's radio station WOR. Based on interviews with news executives, questionnaires sent to broadcasters in fifty states, and their own experiences, it offers observations and advice on everything from writing a news story (whenever possible, use the present tense) to working conditions in radio and TV (*someone* has to work on all those holidays). There's also a revealing, if noncommittal, section on broadcast editorials in which the authors predict that, despite the commercial perils, opinions on the air are here to stay.

While old hands are likely to find much of "Television and Radio News" pretty familiar stuff, for newcomers and students it's a valuable introduction, refreshingly free of blur and static.

HISTORICAL NOTE: In daily journalism's infancy, when English coffeehouses hummed with argument over dispatches from such writers as Johnson and Goldsmith, no newspaper was more widely respected or more vigorously damned than the *Gazetteer*. Its sixty-two tempestuous years are now meticulously chronicled in **"The Gazetteer: 1735-1797"** (Southern Illinois University Press, $8.50), a study by Robert L. Haig, professor of English at the University of Illinois.

The *Gazetteer*'s problems foreshadowed many of those that are plaguing its successors two centuries later. Founded as a Whig propaganda organ and subsidized by supporters of Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, it was eventually forced to scramble for advertising when Walpole fell from office and its stream of subsidies dried up. Later, it fought (successfully) for the right to publish reports on Parliamentary debates. And at times its editors bore the slings and arrows of outraged readers: "There is too much whispering, both in the news-papers and elsewhere. . . . There are many of your old readers who are more concerned with the state of the nation than with the weaknesses and indiscretions of foolish women."

Although the book was written primarily for the serious student of journalism, it might well do as a Christmas gift for the newspaper buff who has everything—including the patience to wade through an occasional stretch of murky academic prose.

FUN ON THE SUN: Patrick Skene Catling is a young journalist with a sharp ear for dialogue, a keen eye for the absurd, a huge fondness for his trade, and an uncommon knack for getting it all down in words. In **"Better Than Working"** (Macmillan, $3.95), Mr. Catling, now an assistant editor of *Punch*, relives his eleven-year romp as a fledgling reporter and sometime foreign correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*. Though the locale ranges from Baltimore police stations to foreign capitals, and the cast of characters from Central American revolutionaries to Jane Russell, Pat Catling's warmly affectionate account makes it clear that, wherever he found himself, he remained happily *Sun*-struck. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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Audio-Video

(*Continued from page 41*)

perimentation have always yielded the solemn cry for "more research." UHF supporters assert that their challenger may eventually prove superior for all purposes; that the complications have been due to failure to tackle the uncertain UHF performance with true technical vigor and financial support.

In any case, the tension has become acute. Pressures are building up from industrial corporations for the UHF frequencies, which are largely unused. The relatively slow development of educational television has been due, in part, to the fact that most of the channels reserved in 1952 for TV are UHF. There are still approximately only 7,000,000 UHF sets, compared to an estimated 60,000,000 VHF. The burgeoning demands for radio frequencies (satellites, rockets, etc.) have set up a world-wide cry concerning frequencies: "Use it or lose it!" The commission doesn't want to lose UHF. Not even the VHF operators want to lose UHF. They know full well that if they do, the pressure will turn inward on the VHF part of the spectrum. There will be demands, impossible to resist, for more VHF channels. In order to create more of these, the distances separating the present VHF channels will have to be shortened, inviting interference and a "degradation" of the VHF service.

IN A bold attempt to resolve the dilemma, the FCC has attempted to swap portions of the UHF space with the military, which holds adjacent VHF channels in the radio spectrum for defense purposes. Recently, however, the military finally said "no" to the swap; it held that the move would dangerously disrupt operational defense communications, not only within the United States, but also with NATO allies. Now the FCC stands at a crossroads. Commissioner Robert E. Lee is pushing for the all-out move to UHF. He urges offering good UHF assignments to single VHF stations in mixed markets. The VHF station in Fresno, California, has already accepted. There have been four or five other applicants. "Come on in now," Lee suggests the Commission say to VHF licensees. "We'll let you duplicate your programs on VHF and UHF until the switch is made." If enough VHFs accept, the Commissioner believes, the set manufacturers will be compelled gradually to switch over to all-channel receivers. Chairman Frederick W. Ford of the FCC thinks this is too drastic. The set manufacturers might not choose to tool up on all-channel receivers.

Let Congress pass the minimum standards legislation, proposes Chairman Ford, and that will lay a firm foundation for the transition. Meanwhile, let VHF and UHF continue to work together, until the situation shakes itself down in a few years. "Then we can see where the shoe pinches; and perhaps go to all-UHF. We want to be sure there are enough channels for the educational broadcasters." Both commissioners have their eyes on a maximum service in the future. Lee wants to act swiftly, lest the future be endangered. Ford wants to save the present as well as win tomorrow. The public, generally, doesn't know the difference between UHF and VHF: it "has a TV set." In New York and Los Angeles, there are seven VHF stations and no UHF stations (not a single activated educational station in either city). A congressman who would vote next year for all-channel receivers might incur the displeasure of his constituents in the big cities, who could say: "Why should we have to pay more for a receiver, when we have all the TV we can look at right now?" The constituents would be shortsighted, of course, to the extent that they would be depriving themselves and their children of an opportunity to view the programs of an educational television channel.

That is one reason why the proposed legislation may fail to become law. Another is the probable opposition of the set manufacturers. They are reported as asserting that it would be unconstitutional to compel them to observe minimum standards. Many manufacturers make other household appliances. They regard a TV set as an "appliance." They are afraid that the setting of standards for television appliances would create a precedent for standards for refrigerators, washing machines, dishwashers, etc. Set manufacturers also shoot for different markets; some for the high-quality, expensive market; some for the middle-priced market; some for the cheapest. Standards would tend to force them into a common market situation, in which competitive advantage would suffer. Furthermore, major assembly lines are devoted to the production of VHF receivers. All-channel sets would be slightly more costly and manufacturers are reluctant to price their products higher in a tough, competitive, discount-house market.

The industry may not agree, as a unit, to make such a move. In that event, recourse to the courts will present a terrifying spectacle of delay. One result could be the gradual erosion of the UHF band to other users, with eventual degradation of the VHF spectrum. If UHF conquers, as predicted, we will see a proliferation of new stations. The reign of the big VHF stations covering the big cities will be ended. Today 50 per cent of our population lives in the top twenty-five TV markets. The other 50 per cent, living in smaller cities and rural areas, has been receiving a sort of "rough television justice." Smaller communities will be able to have their own local stations. Will this mean better progress? Some expert observers, defenders of the VHF position, say "no." They point to the multiplicity of radio stations and to the "degradation" of program quality which has taken place in radio. Competition is not an unmixed blessing, they contend. Multiplicity of stations fragments the market, they assert. It drives down the general program quality in a feverish, truncated search for major minorities and minor majorities. The same can happen in television, they say. Don't give up all the VHFs, they argue; otherwise you're headed for a "spot sales" pattern in TV, similar to the pattern we have developed in radio, with perhaps consequent demise of network broadcasting and the loss of its expensive programs.

THIS is a strong argument. Perhaps it is valid—and prophetic. No matter how valid, however, it cannot stem the inevitable tide of pressures now pushing television into UHF. It can only continue to try to delay it as long as possible. Neither will the tests in New York City, say the UHF proponents, be decisive. They will merely, in the end, confirm what is already well known—that UHF *can* be made to work, even in a "canyon city." Given the continuance of an advertising base for television; given FCC timidity in affecting program balance; given the probable wider dissemination of the current commonplace for the essentially mass circulation market, there is one certain plus that will come of the switch to UHF. That is an opportunity for the educational broadcasters to build a truly nation-wide web of noncommercial channels, dedicated to the movement of ideas and the spending of money, rather than to the movement of goods and the making of money.

Another plus is the chance for individualistic stations to program for more discriminating audiences, in music, information, cultural material, and editorial opinion. The slithery descent of radio, generally, into the ooze of hit-and-run hysteria, has been at least partially countered by the slow growth of FM, class, neo-class, and a few subscription-listener stations. A similar, small bonus from television, when it goes UHF, will be gratefully received.

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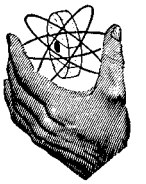

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—LVII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Pre-Convention Campaign Memo

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

PEACE: SCIENCE'S NEXT GREAT EXPLORATION—I

WE ARE now in the first hopeful throes of beginning what could in time become man's greatest scientific exploration.

The objective of the search is to find the way in reality to one of the oldest of human dreams—a peace that will abide among all peoples.

This expedition is doubly rare in that ordinary citizens who know nothing of the intricacies of science can join it.

In fact, unless they do join it and give it the common touch, the exploration must fail.

Without them, the caravan of imagination will not move far beyond the gates of the White House.

The chief explorer will be waiting inside those gates, symbolically if not personally, on January 20, 1961. He will hold a pipe in his teeth and do his utmost to look innocuous. But the light in his eyes and the positive clip of his speech will identify him for those who do not already know "Jerry" Wiesner, a scientist who believes that if we really want to do it we can bring the world's armaments under effective control within our own lifetimes.

Professor Jerome B. Wiesner is one of the intellectual sparkplugs of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and MIT ignites more research sparks than any other institution for the Pentagon. Consequently, no one has ever questioned his acquired immunity to fuzzy thinking.

Before there was such a thing as a Sputnik, and before a Special Assistant for Science and Technology existed in the Office of the President of the United States, the professor was chosen by his peers on the President's Science Advisory Committee in the postwar Office of Defense Mobilization to direct a research panel in a secret study of national defense for President Eisenhower. The results of that inquiry have never been published, but the supposed findings have been vaguely argued in public to such an extent that the mere name of the document is famous: "The Gaither Report." After that the professor served as staff chief of the United States delegation to the 1958 Geneva conference on prevention of surprise attack. Still later, with the knowledge and consent of the incumbent Republican President, he contributed election campaign advice on arms issues to the Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, John F. Kennedy.

Mr. Kennedy, upon becoming President-elect, offered Professor Wiesner one of the earliest appointments to the new White House family. The professor could be the President's Special Assistant for Science and Technology simply by nodding his head. At the time these words were set in type, the nod had not yet been given. Whether Wiesner would give it was a question whose answer he was keeping to himself. Pending public word from him, I have drawn together the following impression from sources intimately acquainted with the professor's thinking:

Being a person who deeply feels the obligation of science to help solve human problems, Wiesner (for more about him, see the Personality Portrait on pages 53 and 54) looks upon arms control almost as a crusade. And he wonders whether it would be altogether good for an avowed crusader to be as close as he has been invited to be to the President's ear. Might not opponents of disarmament (for the identities of some, turn to pages 57 to 60) use his presence to undermine the cause and embarrass Mr. Kennedy as President Eisenhower was embarrassed through Harold Stassen? Would it perhaps be better for an open-minded liberal-conservative, someone like, say, Dr. James B. Fisk, president of Bell Laboratories and vice-chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee, to sit in the key science-statesman's chair and judge proposals Wiesner and others would generate?

The final say was with the President-elect, of course. Were he to insist, Wiesner could not refuse. But there were other possibilities. Mr. Kennedy had already accepted the principle that whoever he named as Special Assistant for Science and Technology should come from the present membership of the Science Advisory Committee to the President. Several members of the committee felt almost as strongly as Jerry Wiesner did about the necessity for controlling arms. Hans Bethe was one, Lloyd Berkner another. James R. Killian, Jr., President Eisenhower's first Special Assistant for Science, was more cautious but definitely committed. George Kistiakowski, successor to Killian and present occupant of the Special Assistant's post, closed a recent conversation with me with the fervent words: "Above all, we must somehow solve the arms problem." Obviously nothing could be lost by keeping "Kisti" where he is during the opening months of the new White House regime.

WHO holds what place in the peace exploring party is of far less consequence than where the explorers go. Any decision on that point is bound to reflect Wiesner's ideas to some degree, not only because he belongs to the Science Advisory Committee but more especially because the President-elect respects his judgment. It is, therefore, more than possible that portents of the future appear in his views, which, it is worth remembering, are the views of a man who has read all the top secret documents that have any meaningful bearing on America's posture in world affairs.

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Although the professor has been refusing interviews for months past, it is known that he believes:

► That the United States government is almost as much, if not as much, to blame as the Russian government for blocking disarmament proposals.

► That the blocking has been done by politicians whose provincial background prevents them from understanding that the security of even a great nation can no longer be maintained by force alone.

► That these politicians have been hiding their real myopia behind the argument that science has no foolproof way to protect an honest peace-seeker against a cheater.

► That the foolproof argument is a fraud because no method of doing anything is absolutely foolproof.

► That the possibilities of achieving peace through disarmament should be judged by the same criteria as are used by the military in judging the possibilities of peace through maintenance of arms. These criteria are calculated risks, weighed against alternate risks.

► That if the calculated risk philosophy were to be applied to disarmament, it would be technologically feasible to put a workable arms control system into effect right now.

► However, that the foolproof idea has been dinned into the popular consciousness for so long that the people would be hesitant to accept a change in absence of some dramatic demonstration that the idea was wrong.

► Therefore, that science must develop such an overwhelming case in support of the soundness of the calculated risk philosophy that the fearful politicians will have nothing left to hide behind.

► That for this purpose science must first seek the leadership of President Kennedy himself, to provide the sanction of authority only a folk hero can provide.

► That through the President science next must place small bands of qualified peace explorers in the White House, in the State Department, in the Pentagon, in the Atomic Energy Commission and elsewhere at key points.

► That a peace agency of some sort must be created, along lines he is willing to have shaped by vigorous debate. This may turn into an opportunity to reorganize the structure of science within the Federal government. The first and hardest step would be to shakeup the Atomic Energy Commission. After that might come a coalescence of agencies with broad research frontiers, such as has been proposed in the past by Dr. Berkner. These agencies are now scattered through the executive departments like stepchildren. They include the Weather Bureau, the National Bureau of Standards, the Central Radio Propagation Laboratory of NBS, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Hydrographic Office, the Geological Survey, the Office of Scientific and Technical Information, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Naval Observatory and the Antarctic Offices of the Navy and the National Science Foundation. If to this aggregation were added the National Science Foundation and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, there would be a centralized organization with authority encompassing the very areas concerned with arms surveillance: the sky, the surface and interior of Earth, and the sea.

► That brilliant constellations of brains clustered here and there about the country—at places like Los Alamos, Lincoln Laboratory, Johns Hopkins—should be encouraged by government grants and contracts to undertake individual and group expeditions into the unknown that obscure peace. And similar encouragement should be held out to private enterprise.

If the dozen approaches above were made boldly, some hundreds of millions of dollars would be enough to build up a vested interest in peace preparation to compete with existing vested interests in preparing for war.

However far the exploration of peace is able to proceed, it will inevitably open a road that leads to many other destinations than control of armament. For it is impossible to genuinely examine the possibilities of peace without first deciding what kind of world we would want the peace to govern. Up to now, there has been no one in the State Department, or in the government anywhere, who could state America's long-range objectives.

Another subsidiary effect of the peace exploration will be to raise American prestige among our friends. They have been discreet, but none-the-less disturbed by our refusal to accept disarmament agreements even on our own professed terms.

It should be emphasized that peace exploration is not a monopoly of Professor Wiesner. At least one White House rival of President-elect Kennedy received a confidential memo from an eminent scientist on the subject before the nominating conventions. Excerpts from that document are reproduced on pages 55 and 56. Even before the election campaign, scientific advisors to President Eisenhower were at work; how far they got, and why they didn't get farther, is recorded on pages 57 to 60. And on page 61 the most rugged of the frontiers of peace research that is yet to come is described by the present Assistant President for Science and Technology.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LVII

The Exploration of Peace—II

CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION

Prof. Jerome B. Wiesner, of MIT

THERE are still alive in the city of Dearborn, Michigan, many memories of the senior Henry Ford. There are residents who recall how the rich and famous old man used to amuse himself at the end of a day on the golf course by picking up a gang of caddies and driving them in his auto to their respective homes. On the way old Henry would, on occasion, make a detour through Greenfield Village, stop at the museum he then was building around the laboratory and workshop of Thomas Alva Edison, and treat the boys to the wonders of one incredibly fertile mind. How the caddies spent the vast interregnum when they weren't Ford's guests attracted little attention in the town, except for the affairs of a Jewish shopkeeper's son called Jerry. It is written on a scrap of paper somewhere that the power and light and telephone people in Dearborn knew all about Jerry, or at least tried to. Their repairmen were constantly hunting around, in order to find and tear down the lines of a private telephone network which Jerry was constantly re-stringing to keep in touch with his pals. The repairmen were competent and ingenious, and to outwit them the boy had to undertake such devious maneuvers as flying a kite to haul his lines over the required distances. The kite developed mechanical failure and dumped young Jerry's air-borne wire across an electric power line, dramatically disrupting various activities throughout the neighborhood.

In those days, there had not yet come into currency a now commonplace phrase that describes the inventive caddy's attitude toward life. Jerry, it would be said today, was willing to stick his neck out for what he thought worthwhile. And it is a matter of record that his will to run risks for offbeat convictions has strengthened with the years. At the age of 45, this same Jerry, whose family name is Wiesner, appeared in Moscow on Sunday, November 27, 1960, to plead with key Russian scientists to support a world police force and so hasten disarmament.

What Jerome B. Wiesner, professor of electrical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had to say in the Soviet capital at the 1960 Pugwash Conference was heard with particular care because he was known to be President-elect John Fitzgerald Kennedy's first choice for White House Special Assistant for Science and Technology. Whether the professor would accept the Presidential post or pass it to another, he was bound to be an influence in the new administration.

What is the proper measure of the man Wiesner as opposed to the boy Jerry?

His associates on the MIT faculty put it into one word: humanity.

"Jerry isn't at all the popular stereotype of a scientist, cool and detached," one of them says. "He's a man of deep feelings, with a tendency to act in furtherance of his sense of social obligation."

Another says:

"Jerry is deeply, personally concerned about the necessity of bringing the world arms race under control before man blows himself up. Some people think he got into the problem because of his scientific competence in electronic esoterics that could be used for controls. But that isn't true. He first became interested as a matter of conscience, and then applied his special talent."

And another says:

"Jerry administers the MIT Research Laboratory of Electronics and the Center for Communications Sciences. But to call him an administrator is to misunderstand the man. He's a leader. He's one of the most elusive professors on the campus, but when you do manage to catch him he listens and responds. He's always encouraging new talents and new ideas, and these keep him up with the latest research."

Folk legends grow from such an atmosphere, fed by events in lives like the one Jerry Wiesner has lived. From boyhood upward, he worked his own way, peddling newspapers, caddying on the golf links, tending bar. The Great Depression of 1929 struck as he entered Fordson High School, and it was during that restless period that the episode with the kite occurred. The year Franklin D. Roosevelt went into the White House proclaiming "all we have to fear is fear itself," Jerry switched from Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, earning his board and keep by waiting on tables and washing dishes.

At Ann Arbor young Wiesner broadened and conventionalized his earlier experiments in communication by taking on the job of associate director (actually chief engineer) of the university radio station, WUOM. And his sense of awareness of science's obligation to society asserted itself for the first time. The knowledge of electronics he was gathering from his professors and his books was fed back into the school in the form of new techniques for the correction of speech defects. What he learned about the sounds of the human voice in that way he rerouted and used in summer teaching of tone broadcasting at the National Music Camp at Interlocken.

In 1937, Michigan awarded Jerry Wiesner a Bachelor of Science degree. He stayed on for three more years to take his Master's. Then he broke off studying to become chief engineer of the Acoustical and Record Laboratory of the Library of Congress. There, under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, he developed new means of recording the great American heritage of folksong.

By the time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Wiesner was expert in high fidelity reproduction of sound, which involved

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manipulation of progressively shorter wavelengths in the radiomagnetic spectrum. When the waves got short enough, they made radar possible. The British had figured out how to generate powerful radar beams to hunt Hitler's bombers out of the skies, but sophisticated devices were needed to perfect the defense. To that end, The Radiation Laboratory was opened at MIT in Cambridge, Mass., and in 1942 Wiesner joined its staff.

The top secret label is still stuck on the detailed workings of The Radiation Laboratory as tightly as it is on description of the electronics Wiesner helped to conjure at Los Alamos in 1945 for the atom bomb.

That secrecy stamp inhibited Wiesner somewhat when he returned to the University of Michigan in 1950 to take his Ph.D. Nevertheless, his doctoral thesis was one of the most informative that his examiners ever saw or heard of. On top of his wartime studies, he had been a member of the faculty of MIT for four years, and the report he wrote reflected that authority. "We didn't question him," a member of the Michigan faculty recalls. "He instructed us. On every aspect of his research, he was ready with a brilliant twenty-minute lecture."

Except for the part he played in setting up and running MIT's Lincoln Laboratory, where the distant early warning line of Arctic radar outposts was designed as a shield for defense of the North American continent, Wiesner's more recent academic activities have been less secret than his military projects—but possibly even more mysterious to laymen. For the MIT Communications Center is the meeting place of a hundred minds that are curious about the ways in which man swaps information with other men, how men can communicate with machines, and how machines can communicate with other machines. Psychologists, linguists, neurophysiologists, mathematicians, physicists, biologists, electrical engineers and information theorists gather here to pool ideas on such questions as how a typewriter can be made to speak or a computer to understand verbal instruction. Socially, some of the most valuable findings to date have to do with the nervous system that keeps man in touch with himself while he moves through the outer world. Studies of brain waves, for instance, provide clues to whether messages intended to instruct deaf children actually get into the children's heads and are recognized.

PROFESSOR WIESNER'S own specialty is signal identification, which is to say the sifting out of legitimate messages from the noise surrounding them. A message can be a dot on a radar screen, a wiggle in the inked line of a pen on an erathquake recorder, an unexplained blackness or whiteness or patch of haze in an aerial photograph, or a strange sound in a radio receiver suspended under the sea. Obviously, the more clearly any set of signals can be detected and coded, the more accurately man's surroundings can be charted and the safer he will be from the unexpected. If explosive shocks in the air, underground or in the water can not only be registered but identified as to their nature and location, both natural forces and military adventures will be easier to manage.

It was in the spring of 1957 that Wiesner first was wakened to the peculiar value his own special experience and skill might have in a new approach to peace. There was then no Special Assistant for Science and Technology in the Office of the President. There was a Science Advisory Committee, but it functioned within the Office of Defense Mobilization instead of independently at the White House level and it met only sporadically and advised by request rather than by spontaneous generation of ideas. President Eisenhower passed the word down that he wanted an examination of America's defense posture vis-a-vis the Russians, and the Science Advisory Committee turned to Wiesner, one of its free-lance consultants, to organize a properly qualified investigating panel. For the first time in his life, Wiesner was able to read all the classified documents he considered pertinent to the question, and he was reported to have been aghast at the extent to which guesswork substituted for fact-finding in official appraisals of supposed Russian power.

THE group which he joined for this study was headed by J. Rowan Gaither, Jr., at that time board chairman of the Ford Foundation. Its recommendations, forwarded to the President through the National Security Council sometime before November 23, 1957, have never been published. Unauthorized leaks to newsmen have emphasized a call for heightened output of arms. But the effect on Wiesner and the Science Advisory Committee to which he was named on December 1, 1957 following Dr. James R. Killian, Jr.'s appointment as first Presidential Assistant for Science and Technology was oppositely oriented, toward disarmament.

In 1958, Wiesner served as chief of staff to the American delegation to the Geneva conference on prevention of surprise attack. There he encountered three new surprises: (1) the State Department wasn't prepared to say what kind of world the American government was striving for; (2) the Pentagon had no practical plan for making President Eisenhower's open skies inspection system work if the open skies proposal had been accepted by the Russians; (3) the Russian scientists were unprepared because of past experience to find the American scientists sincere in hoping to reach agreement.

FROM the time of the Gaither experience, Wiesner took the position that American arms control proposals had to be based on solid scientific knowledge. His point was proved for him at Geneva when earthquake studies turned up faults in the A-bomb test inspection system this country had suggested. Everything that has happened since has flowed from this one commonsense dictum. It explains President-elect Kennedy's campaign promise to set up an arms control research institute. If Wiesner has anything to do with that agency (by all political logic he should, for he and Bob Wood and W. W. Rostow of MIT and Archibald Cox of Harvard constituted the third, or home base, echelon of the Massachusetts' Senator's brain trust) it will include not only physical scientists but lawyers, economists and students of the social sciences. Furthermore, its work will begin with the assumption that no disarmament control system can be utterly foolproof. Insofar as Wiesner can influence the situation, Mr. Kennedy will be discouraged from repeating the Eisenhower mistake of insisting on the impossible.

For all the controversy that Wiesner's risk-taking propensity has stirred up, his loyalty as an American citizen has been questioned only once. That was in the early 1950s, when the late U. S. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy was hunting Communists in the Voice of America. Because the Senator couldn't understand the scientific principles underlying location of high frequency broadcasting towers, he saw subversive intent in a network arrangement that didn't seem to fit conventional geography. Wiesner was asked to testify against the radio technicians involved. Wiesner refused. McCarthy then threatened to smear MIT. MIT didn't scare. But during the several months when Wiesner couldn't be certain of the future, he became a consultant to a small computing firm. The firm prospered, and made Wiesner financially independent, able to shuttle his family (wife Laya Wainger, three sons and a daughter) from home in Watertown, Mass., to Martha's Vineyard for summer sailing to Concord, N.H. for winter skiing. Thanks to the witch hunting Senator, Wiesner now can speak his mind for what his conscience thinks best.

—J.L.

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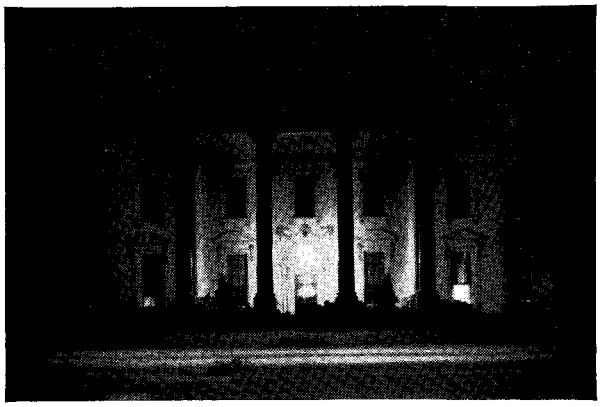
The Exploration of Peace—III

PRE-CONVENTION CAMPAIGN MEMO

A Scientist's Confidential Report to a Kennedy Rival



—*Horydczak*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Among the significant documents bearing on the subject of this special* SR *study is a hitherto unpublished memo that was dispatched last spring to another Presidential aspirant than Mr. Kennedy. Although the author of this paper must remain anonymous, his message is noteworthy for its parallels to Professor Wiesner's thinking.*

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, writing on the "Structure of Nations and Empires," points out that reliance on law for collective security cannot by itself create a peaceful community. Precedent to an acceptable and workable legal structure must be a unifying "organic force" of culture, custom, and the like to make the application of legal agreements effective. In absence of this unifying sub-stratum of culture on which a wholly peaceful world community might be founded, other measures must be substituted to create a satisfactory measure of confidence among nations so that their safety is assured. Therefore, no limitation of armaments seems possible unless an acceptable assurance of effectiveness underlies the control of armament levels. This seems to indicate an agreed and effective means of inspection, regulation and control of armaments on a world scale.

This reasoning underlaid the negotiations among the great powers for the cessation of nuclear tests—a cessation whose reality would be ascertained by a system of inspections that would unambiguously disclose any violation of the agreement. There seems general acceptance by the Western powers of the thesis that an agreement on nuclear testing which was not thoroughly inspected was undependable and therefore unacceptable. Indeed an unenforced agreement might offer the potential to a potential aggressor to develop further his weapons and prepare for aggression, while the free nations were lulled into a peaceful and unprotected posture. . . .

It has become abundantly evident during negotiations on the cessation of nuclear tests that inspection and observation in a form suitable to any limitation of armaments requires solutions to problems that are primarily scientific and technical in character. These solutions require a high level of agreed and verifiable scientific knowledge and the technical application of that knowledge to complex systems of observation and inspection. The difficulties that have arisen during negotiations at Geneva occurred primarily because the inspection procedures rested on a body of scientific knowledge whose underlying scientific disciplines had been neglected and relatively underdeveloped. Consequently, the preliminary estimates of the situation made by the scientists of East and West in their first negotiations in 1958 proved to be inadequate simply because the scientific knowledge underlying the inspection procedure was not very complete. Therefore, subsequent experiments generated from questions raised concerning the initial technical assumptions showed that the preliminary estimates were seriously in error. . . . During those negotiations, however, it did emerge that if the science and technology underlying inspection were adequately developed, a satisfactory inspection procedure could doubtless be defined.

Because of the primitive state of the applicable science at the time when the negotiations were opened, even the most elementary extensions of this scientific knowledge required time for verification by all concerned. Therefore, prior to such verification, the statements of new scientific facts opened the way to suspicion on the other side and by neutrals that such new facts were simply introduced to divert the main flow of the discussion. . . .

From this experience one can draw the conclusion that the *neglect* of any science and the emergent technology that may be involved directly or indirectly in conceivable inspection procedures related to limitation of armaments *may* indeed prevent effective limitation in that area. Consequently, if we are to look forward to limitation of armaments in the future, it becomes urgent to identify the technical problems underlying limitation and to develop adequately and urgently the science necessary to the solution of those problems. . . .

The power of modern arms is acquired solely from strong and continued support of science and technology that can develop new and more effective weapons. . . . *Since these weapons have emerged from advanced technical concepts, their regulation and control depends on formulation of equally advanced technical concepts.* . . .

To define the problem in an hypothetical and extreme way, we might imagine a Department of Peace carrying on technological studies and

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efforts comparable to our present Department of Defense. The purpose of such a Department would be to analyze the problems involved in arms limitation, to define the areas of science and technology relating to necessary inspection and control procedures, to develop this science and technology to the necessary level of understanding, and from those concepts to develop actual procedures which would be acceptable for purposes of inspection and control underlying any agreement on arms limitation. Out of such well established and verifiable procedures might emerge the technical basis on which actual negotiations on arms limitation could be safely stimulated and perhaps even effectively conducted. While evidently this scientific and technological base must be acceptable on a bilateral or multilateral basis, it could perhaps even best be initiated by uni-lateral action, for the emergent scientific knowledge or technical procedure can be independently verified by others, given the time and facilities.

ACTUALLY, the establishment of a Department of Peace is probably a naive and impractical suggestion at this stage of our social development. These words would probably connote to the American public an agency dedicated to impractical and fuzzy ideas that might greatly endanger our national safety by conveying great advantage to an aggressor. Practical Americans are in no mood to entrust their safety, in an atmosphere of world savagery, to idealists who in their zeal to avoid war might neglect the brutal facts of our world social order as so repeatedly illustrated by history. Indeed, the great danger of a strongly organized and government-sponsored endeavor to generate a basis for arms limitation would arise from a diversion of its effort away from the discovery of the wholly objective facts and procedures on which a sound limitation-of-arms could be achieved.

It might not be unreasonable, however, to establish a well-financed commission, not dissimilar to the Atomic Energy Commission, with its close relationship to the armed forces, and well-financed to carry out the necessary studies. Indeed, in light of the facts as they now exist, it seems very improbable that any successful measure of arms limitation can be achieved without the establishment of some such mechanism. . . .

The whole public discussion of arms limitation at the present time borders on the realm of the ridiculous in absence of any truly analytical studies necessary on a very large scale on which ultimate arms limitation might be established. I believe this represents the view of the large group of responsible American scientists who now understand that acceptable arms limitation can no longer be based on legal agreements alone.

Our attitude toward peace in the present day is a little reminiscent of the attitude of our military leaders toward war of about a half century ago. At that time the tradition of war, fought with simple weapons and primarily involving the reckless bravery of the military leaders in the field, left the military with no appreciation of the power that science and technology could bring to them. All of this was changed in the last great war. Now throughout the world we find that modern military forces have become completely dependent upon the technology derived from advanced science.

This parallel, however, has not penetrated into the consciousness of those who would now create peace in the face of highly technological methods of war. Most people, including our leaders, do not yet realize that peace in the future must involve the application of technical methods as equally profound as those which have penetrated the theater of war. Therefore, the nation that can make this next great advance in understanding of relationships among people can indeed be the real leader for peace.

* * *

IN our present world of over-populated nations there has been a growing tendency for men to leave to national leaders the entire responsibility for the generation of new ideas and new directions of leadership. This in itself is a strange attitude, since great social changes arise not so much from the leaders leading the people as from the people leading the leaders. It is characteristic of a free democratic system that the leaders usually fear the criticism attendant on an advanced social position. Consequently, strong attitudes must be developed among the people as a precedent to strong leadership in new directions. The question that I am really raising is the following: Can a basis for peace be acquired by depending only upon the government to initiate the necessary steps? This seems very unlikely. There are a variety of special interests within the government itself, and other heavy pressures from outside interests, which fear an upset of the status quo, all of which act to prevent initiation of a strong new policy. Moreover our political leaders rarely possess the special knowledge of a special situation that permits them to introduce a new policy with the confidence that it can withstand the onslaught of criticism. Therefore, strong public attitudes bolstered by extensive debate must be developed. . . .

Furthermore, the problem of arms limitation is infinitely complex. It seems very unlikely that the appropriate and applicable scientific and technological ideas will emerge from the thinking of any small group within the government itself. Just as our modern weapons have emerged from the analytical thinking of the whole of our scientific community, both governmental and non-governmental, so will the ideas underlying arms limitation emerge only if the greater proportion of our whole scientific community is somehow directly stimulated and involved in the problem.

OF course, such a broad interest within the civilian community of scientists and technologists in the United States could not emerge without adequate financial support for their laboratories and the consent and encouragement on the part of the government. With such consent, encouragement, and support, it seems likely that immense progress could be made toward a scientific and technological basis for arms limitation just as similar progress has been made in weapons development where similar support and encouragement has been given.

It is entirely possible that the most effective measures toward the kind of science and technology needed would be generated in laboratories outside the government through programs and grants that encourage the untrammeled scope of thought in a variety of new directions whose application to the problem may not be immediately evident.

To as great an extent as possible such work should be done on a wholly unclassified and non-secret basis. Open technical meetings might be held to exchange the results of researches and to stimulate the generation of new ideas and new directions for research effort. Scientific and technical publications carry scientific and technical papers bearing on the subject may be needed.

Such activity could be started and perhaps best initiated as a wholly unilateral action on the part of the United States. However, it is likely that if such activities were well publicized, it would quickly capture the imagination of the world so that similar activities would then be initiated by other nations and experimental conclusions discussed and verified through international meetings of scientists and technologists. Thus, there might grow rather rapidly an agreed body of knowledge throughout the world upon which negotiations for the limitation of armament might be safely initiated.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

The Exploration of Peace—IV

HOW THE SCIENTISTS HAVE PRODDED LAGGING POLITICIANS ALONG THE TRAIL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The literature of peace exploration is scant. The finest single contribution to it is Vol. 89 No. 4 of* Daedalus, *journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. To be published in book form in the spring of 1961 by Harcourt Brace, this survey includes among its pages an historical essay by Saville Davis, Managing Editor of the* Christian Science Monitor. *Excerpts from that essay are reproduced below.*

(Right) Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., First Assistant President for Science

By Saville Davis

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER . . . had certain basic concepts which he himself developed and supported as if they were tenets of his administration. One of these tenets advocated arms control, if it could be worked out with safeguards against cheating. His strong determination to rise above the narrowly military background which he brought to the White House and his desire to be a civilian president, responsive to the highest political rather than military values and aspirations. He also was convinced that safeguarded arms control made military sense. From the period of his first Colorado vacation, when he thought deeply about nuclear weapons off by himself in the mountains by the trout streams, he was convinced that "there is no longer any alternative to peace," as he told a State Department audience on his return.

When Mr. Eisenhower develops a fundamental conviction like this, he gives it regular support on the highest policy level. He was to rule repeatedly (and still does) in favor of the State Department and against the Pentagon and Atomic Energy Commission when key disputes on arms-control negotiation were referred to him for decision.

Why, then, did his strong general support for this cause result in policies which looked like the reverse, when they were put into action?

This was the role of the [late] Secretary of State [Foster] Dulles. Mr. Dulles, unlike the President, was an intensely complex individual. . . . As a passionate student of the many contradictions which are built into a nation's foreign policy and into its domestic formulation, his mind was entirely at home in situations in which he had to say one thing one day and another the next, or to talk oppositely to groups with opposing interests. He kept his counsel for the most part as to whether his particular object at a given time was to confuse or disarm his critics, deal with pressing day-to-day situations with realism, or fit his apparent contradictions into some larger plan.

It was not out of character, then, for him to respect the President's deep desire to keep nuclear arms under control, and at the same time to see the many obstacles more clearly than the President, and to think in his own mind that arms control was probably a hopeless exercise for the present. Since the President let himself be guided by Mr. Dulles in day-to-day actions, it was natural that, while the President proposed optimistically, Mr. Dulles disposed skeptically, and with the President's own agreement.

There are subtle degrees of difference here which need to be defined with some care. It is not enough to say, as Walter Lippmann, Marquis Childs, Chalmers Roberts and others have said, that the President's wishes were sabotaged on lower echelons. Mr. Dulles was in charge. The "lower echelons" did his bidding. Many lesser officials in the State Department itself believed in the possibility of arms control more than he did. While the final effect of the Dulles realism on the President's wish and faith was to frustrate them, the relation between the two men was honorable and close, and there was more to it than what looks like a simple betrayal of his chief on Mr. Dulles's part. . . .

The Russians gave Mr. Dulles continual and abundant opportunities to persuade the President that they did not mean business at almost any stage of a disarmament negotiation. Dulles could count on this kind of negative cooperation from Moscow to buttress his own stern and disciplinary concept of how to face down the Communist threat. . . .

It is now possible to explain what happened in Washington when the course of international strategy reached

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a turning point. . . . A good time to pick up the story is the spring of 1957, when a United Nations conference on disarmament was scheduled at London, when nuclear testing was in full swing, intercontinental missiles seemed uncomfortably close, and the President had chosen Harold Stassen as his Special Assistant on Disarmament. The President wanted to make a fresh effort to negotiate. Mr. Dulles considered that this was the thing to do, but offered the President no hope that it would be successful. The chief opponents of any agreement—Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission—were not greatly perturbed, because Mr. Dulles seemed mainly on their side.

Then the unexpected happened. Stassen became keenly interested in arms control. . . . And the more he studied arms control, the more he was impressed with its merit. In any event, he violated the tacit gentleman's agreement not to try too hard. . . .

At the end of May, Stuart Alsop described a "bitter internal struggle" which took place when Stassen returned from London for consultation. Admiral Radford was the most vocal opponent. . . .

Radford said publicly to newsmen, "We cannot trust the Russians on a disarmament agreement or anything. They have broken their word too many times."

The President let it be known that he was nettled by the Radford statement, ruled in general terms for Stassen after a series of meetings on lower levels, and told his press conference, "The United States must be ready to meet the USSR halfway on a first step disarmament agreement." This country is not "recalcitrant or picayunish" and should have an "open mind," the President said. Americans must "keep exploring every facet of this whole great field, to see if something can't be done. It just has to be done in the interest of the United States. . . ."

It was almost immediately clear that the result of the policy battle in Washington had been to put Stassen in an even tighter harness of day-to-day instructions from Washington and to embolden him to the point of an indiscretion which enabled Dulles to pull sharply on the checkrein. This was a reckless action on Stassen's part, one that went beyond his instructions: on 31 May an uncleared memorandum was delivered to Soviet chief delegate Valerian Zorin. The risk to Stassen from this action was wholly disproportionate to any possible gain for his cause. An unnamed Washington official told the press that Stassen had been "naïve," which was true, and Dulles announced that Stassen had been rebuked with the President's approval. . . .

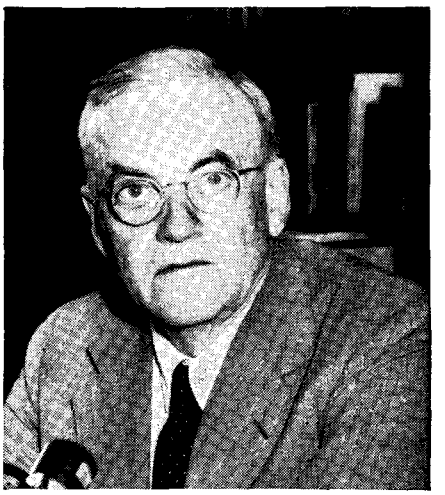
Late in June, Admiral Strauss took physicists Edward Teller and Earnest O. Lawrence to the White House to argue for continued nuclear testing in order to perfect "clean" weapons. The President was impressed. "But for the moment," he said publicly in noticeably less vigorous terms than before, "it would appear that the psychological factors and the fears of the world are such that we should go ahead with the plan" to offer a conditional suspension of tests.

During the summer Dulles tied the American test-ban offer to an entire package of proposals—a maneuver not unlike the frequent tactic of the Russians of linking a reasonable offer to more radical steps the other side would surely not accept. . . .

ON 4 October 1957 Sputnik went up. Four weeks later the President brought President James R. Killian, Jr., of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to the White House with authority to bring the best available talent into the President's scientific advisory committee. A new weight was added to the balance. By May 1958, six months later, the balance had tilted to the opposite side. It is an oversimplification, but a useful one, to say that the President now listened primarily to men whose information and judgment of fact indicated that a safeguarded arms-control agreement would be to the advantage of the national interest and security of the United States, whereas before that time he had listened chiefly to men who said such an agreement would gravely damage national security.

It is an even riskier oversimplification, but still a useful one, to say that the net policy of the United States toward arms control was reversed in this short period of months. Like most shifts of policy, this one will not be found in documents. Policy is determined by political momentums operating on the existing balance of forces in Washington. The arrival of the new group of presidential advisers set up such a fresh momentum.

How did this change come about? To begin with, this is an era in which considerations of power are determined by weapons (those existing and those in prospect) which are beyond the experience and reckoning of typical military professionals. Second, and granting exceptions, the quality of scientists and weapons experts within the government, and particularly within the Atomic Energy Commission, had deteriorated. Liberal-minded scientists who were high enough in the



John Foster Dulles was isolated . . .

ranks to influence policy had in general left the government, partly to return to their creative work and partly to escape the conservative and security-minded restraints imposed by the McCarthy era, by the formalism of the Pentagon, and especially by Mr. Strauss in his administration of the AEC and in his role as special presidential adviser. Those scientists who were sympathetic to this environment and remained in government service were inclined to be conservative to the degree that they concerned themselves with policy. Few of the first team were left. The quality of scientific advice available to the President was both partisan, after being channeled through Mr. Strauss, and in many cases second-rate.

Meanwhile, scientists outside the government were inhibited from open discussion by their former or continuing access to classified information. Those who did not have such information could make general comments on national policy, but could not keep authoritatively abreast of the detailed questions at issue, such as the feasibility of inspection, the relative trends of United States and Soviet weapons, and so on, and therefore were not in a position to speak out.

Evidence is available to the writer which clearly indicates that the President and Mr. Dulles were unwitting prisoners, in their lonely isolation at the top of the government pyramid, of the special selection of knowledge and attitudes which came to them through official channels and especially through Mr. Strauss. They had no alternative against which to measure the partisan quality of this advice or its scientific inadequacies.

The Killian group brought such an alternative to the White House. It was one more effort to solve the prickly question of how to adjust science, technology, weaponry, strategy, and political policy making. The President

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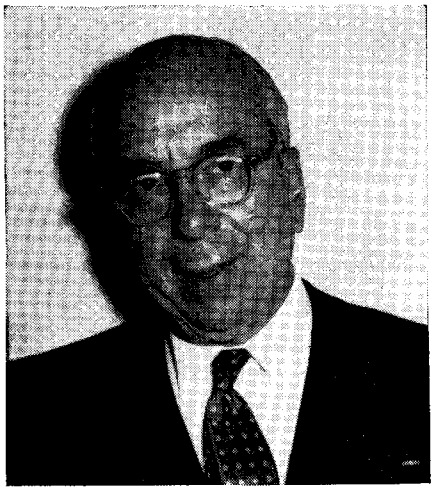

. . . by the partisan advice of Lewis Strauss and Admiral Radford.

needs the special pleading of his weapons makers and users, but he is helpless if their arguments are not tested by men of equal knowledge and standing who are not committed. . . . The President and Mr. Dulles now had a two-sided debate to help them make up their minds.

The scientists sought to provide a good quality of scientific information and judgment and to let the chips fall where they might. They recognized that policy making was the task of the President and that negotiation must rest in the hands of the State Department. Their function was to be disinterested. But however carefully they hewed to this line, the effect of their information and judgment on a situation and on men who had not been confronted with this order of scientific thinking and knowledge was to dislodge a good deal of fallacious information and inference. The facts provided by the scientists clearly pointed in a different direction of policy from those previously available. They called for a re-examination of what constitutes security for both sides. They persuasively introduced the concept of inspection as a deterrent, replacing the notion that it must be an absolute to be useful.

Mr. Dulles and his client, the President, listened with profound interest. For Mr. Eisenhower, here was authoritative technical support for the concept he had been clinging to, despite all obstacles, as an article of faith. For the Secretary of State, here was a new element of unpredictable but obviously formidable strength in the balance of forces at home and abroad over which he had been shrewdly presiding. He was so impressed with the newcomers' depth of scientific knowledge and authority, which obviously outclassed almost all of their opponents', that he admitted he had been given poor scientific advice before the new group arrived. Yet the evidence all goes to show that he did not change his own inner conviction that a new effort would be futile because the Communists would not sign. . . . He bent with the breeze when the Killian committee showed its mettle. He even gave the impression that he had shifted his position and was going forward enthusiastically with the new tide of affairs. But he did not yield more than a few inches of his hour-to-hour grip on all negotiations with the Soviet Union. . . .

An example of his working habits was the President's letter to Soviet President Bulganin in April 1958. The Killian group was pressing for direct talks between the scientists of both sides. The letter suggesting technical consultations was drafted by Dulles and an associate or two on a Sunday afternoon at his house, with Dulles doing most of the writing. He never cleared it with other departments. He simply telephoned the President and got his approval. . . .

THE Bulganin letter opened the way to the conference of scientists of both sides at Geneva in the summer of 1958 which reached a speedy and spectacular agreement on the preliminary technical aspects of suspension of nuclear tests. This was regarded by optimists at the time as a major break-out from the earlier pattern of sterile negotiation. This was probably the case, but it set in motion counterforces in Washington which plunged the whole subject into confusion again. Opponents in the Atomic Energy Commission, with its almost unlimited resources from the public purse, went full steam ahead with research designed to prove that test inspection was much more difficult than the scientists of the Killian group, with no research at their disposal, had initially estimated. And it was not long before Mr. Killian had to announce that the first estimates of what was necessary to distinguish underground nuclear explosions from earth tremors had been overoptimistic in terms of the detection equipment then available. Moscow immediately took this announcement for what it was—a victory for the opposing forces in Washington as well as a legitimate increase of knowledge about the problem. Since the Geneva agreement by the scientists had been based on these initially oversanguine estimates, the Russians began a long stonewalling operation of their own in which they refused to accept the new calculations or to review the Geneva agreement. It took time for the Killian group to gain headway in Washington with the argument that its fundamental position was not altered by the new findings; that detection with existing instruments and procedures would be more difficult than expected, but that these instruments were antiquated and built for other purposes. New and appropriate instruments could doubtless be developed. There were methods, such as supplementing the work of inspectors with automatic nets of underground recording instruments, and there were procedures such as random inspection, greatly increasing the deterrent effects of a given quota of trip by inspectors, which could overcome the handicap raised by the AEF findings.

It was the position of those scientists arguing for arms control that a constructive approach to the problem called for a quite different motive than that of the leaders of the AEC. Instead of spending resources and talent to prove that a task could not be accomplished with existing methods and equipment, the situation called for spending resources and the best available talent in an effort to develop new methods and equipment to do the job. An inspection system should be started at once, it was argued, on the best terms obtainable from the Russians and without yielding the right to resume testing if the effort failed. Its purpose would be to acquaint both sides with the actual problems of detection and to assist the task of developing more adequate detection systems.

Once again, the line that divided the two factions was that between an *a priori* conviction that arms control was neither feasible nor desirable, and the conviction that every effort should be made to develop adequate solutions and to see if the Kremlin would accept them. As one supporter of the Killian group put it, "We surely don't know whether the Russians would or would not sign, if a reasonable inspection system were achieved and if we made our best effort in good faith to negotiate it. But one thing is sure. Considering the certain results of nuclear war and the dangers of this new kind of arms race,

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we could not look history in the eye if we did not try to find out. And if we do not try, we will never know whether they would be prepared to agree or not."

While pro and con arguments over these points continued, and while the Killian committee tried to arrange for research facilities in friendly hands, Mr. Dulles reasserted control. He himself made the decision and issued the instructions which transferred talks with the Russians back from the summer's technical phase to the political level, where they languished during the fall and winter. He scarcely needed to resume his familiar methods of tough and protracted bargaining because the Russians had already done it for him. But he did not lag behind. American delegations, both to a second Geneva conference on the suspension of testing and to a new Geneva conference on the control of surprise attack, were rigidly forbidden to go beyond their specific instructions at any given moment. The instructions were not to make our most favorable offers at the start, but to demand an initially high price which the Russians could be counted upon to reject and to counter with a similarly impossible price of their own.

THE scientists had hoped that the new conference on surprise attack could pass quickly into a technical stage, like the successful meeting on nuclear testing during the summer. The Soviets never permitted it to leave the political stage. Both conferences developed into the type of slug-fest for which Mr. Dulles had so great a talent. There was ample data with which to persuade the President from week to week that the Russians were not cooperative.

The weight of evidence available suggests to this writer, at least, that Mr. Dulles had been impressed by the technical knowledge of Mr. Killian and his colleagues, and by their humane understanding of the implications of the nuclear age for civilization as a whole, but that he had not altered his own estimate of the Communists and of the way to deal with them to any significant degree. There are those who were close to him and who think they detected signs that he at least came to question this attitude shortly before his death. But if this was more than a questioning, he kept his counsel. . . .

As the arms-control effort lost momentum on the diplomatic battleground, another factor entered the picture which virtually ended any hope for early solutions. The summit hove into view. The problem of the two Germanies and Berlin and the partition of Europe, which had been considered the most promising tangible subject for summit debate, began to seem insoluble for the present. So the hope for a significant achievement at the summit shifted to arms limitation. Neither side was likely, under the postwar bargaining tradition, to play its big cards in advance of the big game. So, apart from deepening preparations by the scientists in their field, and from efforts to reach through the fog of bargaining for some contact with scientists on the Soviet side, the whole enterprise stood virtually condemned to diplomatic slow motion for a period.

This is the point where the present review must cut off. It is still too early to appraise the change of riders in the middle of the arms race from Foster Dulles to Christian Herter.

ONE point is plain: the procedures of the recent past have been notably inadequate to the need. There are two aspects to this shortcoming, in immediate operation and in long-range planning.

On the operations level, the Secretary of State now has an expanded Disarmament Section directly responsible to him, with adequate freedom to function without bureaucratic inhibitions. Under Mr. Herter this section issues day-to-day instructions to American negotiators. Short-range authority is in its hands.

However, Mr. Herter is less inclined than was Mr. Dulles to ignore or override the opponents of arms limitation in the Defense Department and the AEC. For one thing, the President is now taking a more active part in the direction of affairs. Whereas he left the drafts and recommendations of Mr. Dulles unchanged, he now frequently leaves his own mark on those of Mr. Herter. For another, Mr. Herter is more judicial and less arbitrary and self-centered than Mr. Dulles. He not only listens to his own staff, he deals with the other departments of the government with constitutional respect. He also has a quiet constitutional respect for his own position, which is that of primacy in foreign affairs.

But the net result of this statesmanlike approach is to place his department more at the mercy of vetoes exercised by Defense and AEC. The State Department can move only with caution and by small hobbled steps in any give-and-take with the Russians. The moment it takes a substantial step, the other departments declare that it goes beyond agreed policy and insist on being consulted. So each significant move forward precipitates another interdepartmental debate, and the struggle between rival factions has to be acted out all over again. Disputes at the working-staff level are referred to their principals. Disputes between principals go to the President.

This flaw in the negotiating procedure has usually been, and can continue to be, fatal to an intelligent probing of Communist response. Interdepartmental agreement in Washington is always at the minimum level of common consent. Instead of approaching the Russians with a coherent knowledge of how far we will go if the Russians reciprocate, which is indispensable to a negotiation intended to get results instead of to block them, we approach them by blind navigation. We have agreed in Washington only on the next step.

THE approach to negotiation is from the wrong end. The Russians understand this procedure, of course. It is theirs also, in the sense that their negotiators are given short shrift. But they must also understand something else: that this was the tried and true method of discouraging agreement in the period when we did not want one. If today our purpose has at all changed, they will not readily discover it from our largely unchanged maneuvers.

If we could plan ahead, if we could instruct our negotiators, after having thought out the possible course of bargaining, if we knew how far we could ultimately go when it came to the showdown—if, in other words, we knew what we wanted to do and had taken a policy position among ourselves as to how far we could go to achieve it—then we would behave like men negotiating in good faith, with a firm knowledge of what we consider an honorable and useful result and of the limits beyond which we would not go. Instead, we start out with only a minimal position—and this is our policy position.

Facilities for long-range planning would not be a panacea. The political process within the United States—that of adjusting conflicts and of educating viewpoints by the pressure of events, plus foresight—cannot be reduced to a neat problem and fed into the perfect agency. This would help, to be sure. Harassed and overburdened leaders can surely be induced to plan further ahead if long-range thinking is required of them and if they are capably aided by men given this assignment.

But, knocking heads together, furnishing the momentum of leadership, ruling unruly executive departments, treating with Congress, seeking the support of an informed public—these are the inescapable tasks of the President in matters of so great an importance as the nuclear-arms race and the purpose of our dealings with Communism. Leadership like this requires both political and intellectual courage.

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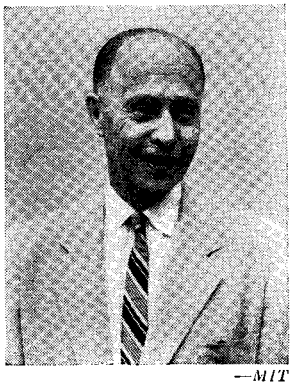

—MIT

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

In the direction of arms control, the path is long and uncertain. A technology of peace must be developed along lines suggested in the ten preceding pages, but no technology is ever more than an instrument. The course will in the end be decided in accord with geopolitics, and the final decision will be made by politicians. Will they be able to interpret the findings of science wisely? It will depend on the quality of the interpreters they employ. Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky, the Harvard chemist who now serves President Eisenhower as Special Assistant for Science and Technology, has given much thought to this question of interpretation and to the new breed of men he believes must rise to resolve it. Italics in the following excerpt from his recent Fenton Lecture at the University of Buffalo were supplied by SR's Science Editor.

GEORGE B. KISTIAKOWSKY
The White House

I NEEDN'T devote much time to demonstrating the proposition that the advances of science gradually, sometimes suddenly, are altering the relations between nations and peoples. Of course, it is the technology which is the carrier of change, but it is the basic science, the acquisition of knowledge, that constitutes the seed from which man makes technology grow. The advances of science, in this sense, made our political isolation from the rest of the world impossible after World War II, just as they earlier made our economic isolation impossible. . . . Public policy, whether domestic or foreign, must recognize this transformation, cope with the problems it generates, and use it as appropriate for the goals of our society. . . .

The negotiations on nuclear test cessation have shown the importance of scientific and technological factors for the formulation of national policy in this area. A similar approach had to be employed regarding certain phases of the conference on the problem of reducing dangers of surprise attack, in which I participated. The use of scientific advice and evaluation in both these attempts to reduce military tensions is, in itself, important. It is a sign of changing times, of growing awareness on the part of policy makers that technical considerations and knowledge—recognized for quite some time now as essential to plans for development of military hardware—are also essential for the formulation of sound concepts for arms limitation measures.

The success of future negotiations to relieve tensions by arms limitation agreements will depend in some measure on the understanding of the capabilities of proposed multilateral monitoring systems—capabilities inherently limited by a world of rapidly advancing technology. The limitations of technical analysis itself need also to be fully understood. There is no doubt, for instance, that the reliability of monitoring systems is largely a technical question. But the adequacy of such systems, from the point of view of national security, is not. It is a politico-military question. Similarly, deterrence is not a scientific concept but a politico-military one. And we must realize that *political issues or disagreements cannot be resolved by technical agreement on facts; the political questions of national interest remain. We think it is well that these issues be understood by the public as they are being understood by the policy makers.*

To integrate the scientific with the political, economic, military and other factors that make up foreign policy operations requires above all competent people who understand the relationship of science to these other factors. In this context scientists may well have an important role to play in the future in the policy-making process. But it will be a different role than the one to which they have become accustomed. I think it will demand a new breed of public servant, although I am at a loss to find the appropriate name for him.

The term "political scientist" has been pre-empted for a very different use than I have in mind. No one of us would want to be called a "scientific politician," and few indeed would dare to lay claim to "scientific statesmen."

There is a significance here that is far more important than finding the right name. The role I foresee demands of this new breed of scientist-citizen an awareness that the scientific community must accept its appropriate share of responsibility—as well as insist on authority—for the intelligent and successful resolution of the challenges facing the world.

ANOTHER kind of individual must be added to the team: *an individual trained in the usual disciplines of the foreign service, but literate in science.* The general opinion is that science is too specialized to provide scientific inputs to policy formulation except as advice from practicing scientists on an *ad hoc* basis. I submit that as valuable as such advice is, it does not fill today's requirements for a continuing and intimate involvement in the policy-making process of competent people who understand science and its significance to policy enough to work effectively with the practicing scientists supplying the specialized *ad hoc* studies.

Perhaps science and engineering graduates should be attracted for regular careers in the Foreign Service and in our other overseas programs. I believe we must also provide a better scientific background for nonscientists in the international affairs field, and that this, perhaps is the most important measure of all.

Essential to these efforts is the development of an academic field of teaching and research in the interrelationship of science and foreign affairs.

In discussing international relations the American historian, Julius Pratt, states "Neither the tools of diplomacy nor the tools of force can be suddenly improvised for use in crises. They must be kept in a state of readiness for use. The success of a nation's foreign policy will depend, in part, upon the efficiency and the readiness of the instruments with which that policy is pursued." We all must do all we can to help keep the tools of our diplomacy and the tools of our force in efficient readiness.

We have entered a new era, a scientific revolution, as C. P. Snow terms it, in which science and technology are transforming our way of life and the relations between nations. Scientists and other enlightened citizens cannot stand aside and simply watch this process, regardless of where it takes us; we must and we can use science and technology to achieve the humanistic goals of our free society.

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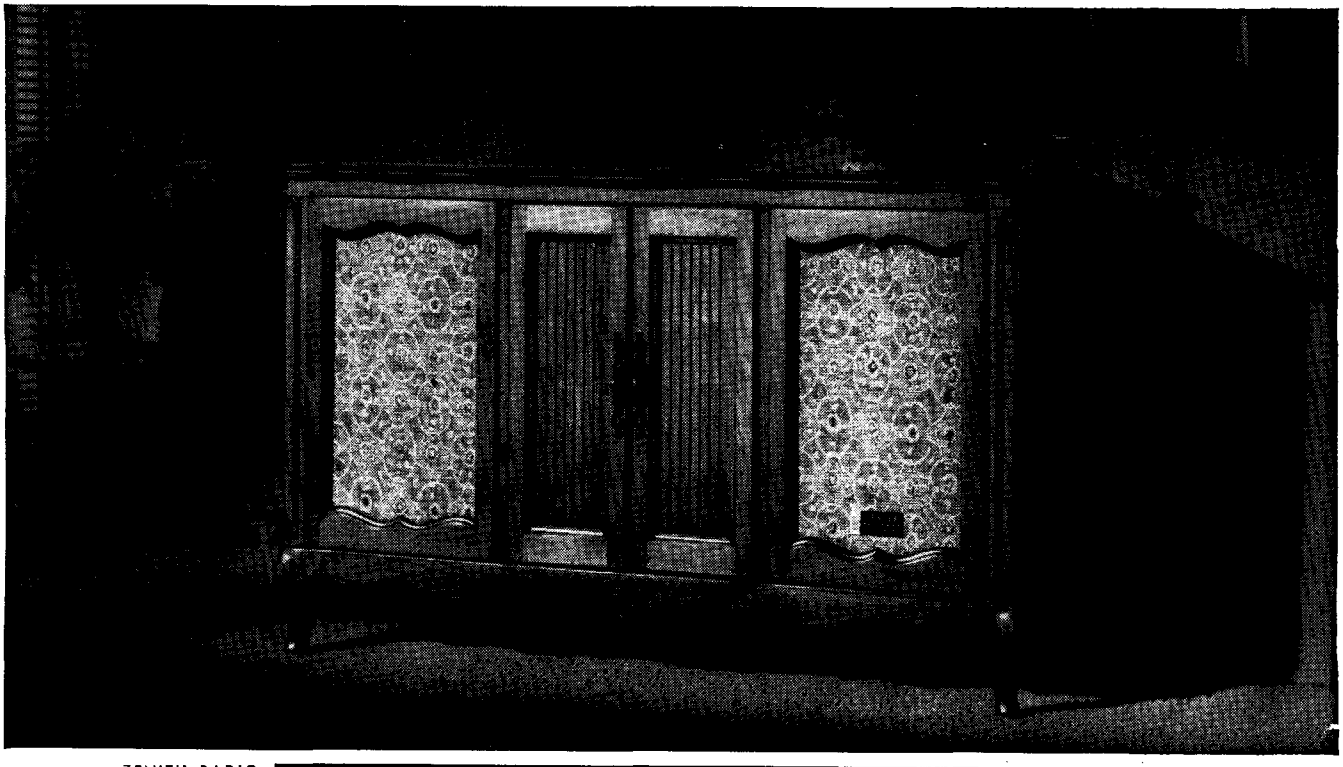

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"L'Elisir" for the Eye—Rosbaud—Ormandy

BY COMMON agreement, operatic comedy is no laughing matter for producer, for designer, for singers or conductor. It succeeds only by a happy combination of good planning, high skills, and what Doolittle, Sr., called "a little bit of luck." Measured by the planning and high skills which resulted in such Metropolitan delights as "Fledermaus," "Cosí fan tutte," and "Perichole," the current effort with Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" is on lower ground throughout, with even the luck that compelled the withdrawal of Cesare Valletti in favor of Dino Formichini (as Nemorino) bad. The result, generally speaking, is more production than performance.

The happiest thought was the one that assigned Robert O'Hearn to the design problem. O'Hearn has provided a solution for the six situations required which is bright, airy, and above all highly functional. A central "island," affording elevated playing space, was flanked by caster-mounted set pieces that formed into exteriors or interiors when faced this way or that. A decorative scrim curtain masked the scene-changes, which were accomplished with a swiftness rare on this machineless stage. Snowcapped mountains above a low vineyard country (which permitted the performers to wear semitropical costumes) plainly defined the locale as that Never-Never Land in which all operas with rustic backgrounds take place, but it was altogether agreeable of its kind.

With or without Valletti, however, the cast was not nearly so well matched to its problem. It is perhaps too obvious a point to make that all opera, even operatic comedy, should begin with people who are suited vocally (if not visually) to the music they are required to sing. This one qualified, on the whole, better for the eye than the ear, beginning with Fernando Corena's Dr. Dulcamara and continuing with Elisabeth Soederstroem's Adina. Corena performed up to the expectations of his hard-working comedy style, but with hardly the vocal substance for the doctor's "Udite, udite." Miss Soederstroem provided her usual kind of intelligent artistry, but Adina belongs to a special breed of operatic bird for which her vocal feathers are not nearly fine enough.

Though she sang most of the notes accurately, it could hardly be said that her sound is appealing; as it could hardly be expected to be, considering that she is as much mezzo as soprano. A wiry, pinched production that bumped rather than glided over the modest florid requirements of Donizetti's writing took the sparkle and spirit out of such specialties as the duet with Dulcamara in Act II.

As replacement for the ailing Valletti, Formichini (whose Italian debut dates to 1955) performed courageously but with a quantity of sound that made Nemorino unhappily synonymous with *tenorino*. When the orchestral accompaniment was suitably subdued, he made his even, smooth-textured sound audible by pushing it full voice; but in ensembles or concerted numbers, he was mostly inaudible. Considering how hard he had been working, it was understandable that he should be vocally fagged when he reached "Una furtiva lagrima": Formichini hasn't yet acquired the craftsmanship to save his best for when it is most needed. His cautious, barely passable effort with what should be a tenor's delight aroused some bravos of a suspiciously localized sort. Dramatically, Formichini was either stiffly sober or palpably drunk, a gamut which some Nemorinos of the past have managed to expand a bit. Surprisingly sub-par, too, was the Belcore of Frank Guarrera, considering what he has done in some circumstances under other directors.

THAT, perhaps, puts the issue directly to Nathaniel Merrill, a member of the Metropolitan's technical staff, who had his first opportunity at staging a new production. The arrival of Dr. Dulcamara in a balloon out of "Around the World in Eighty Days" was an amusing touch, and he showed lively ingenuity in the arrangement of the second-act chorus of Nemorino and the local ladies. But there was little attention to the problem of making the individual performers amusing as *characters*; the point of reference was always a gag, a bit of business borrowed from here or there. The roughly comic action frequently rubbed the wrong way against the humorous but highly polished grain of Donizetti's music. More often than not, the stage happenings were imposed on the situation rather than growing out of it, without real regard for continuity, character, or, if the accusing word may be finally mentioned, style. Even so, it was in keeping with the musical direction of Fausto Cleva, which got over the ground without calling attention to the distinctive features of the terrain. It is the charm of "L'Elisir" that it combines the comic spirit of the man who wrote "Don Pasquale" with the pathos of the one famous for "Lucia di Lammermoor"—some points of subtlety to which this good-looking, uneven-sounding effort made little or no reference.

The tenor troubles which deprived "L'Elisir" of Valletti also pressed Eugenio Fernandi into service as Radames *vice* an ailing Carlo Bergonzi. Not only for his imposing physique but also for his good sound, this was so much more than promising that it is regretable Fernandi can't go off somewhere and completely learn his trade (as Lauritz Melchior did after his "first" debut) before jeopardizing what is surely an extraordinary aptitude. Fernandi presently is technically unsure, as likely to falter as fulfill, as in a "Celeste Aïda" that was one part imposing, two parts inept. And how to preserve the freshness of his lyric sound while developing the power for such a dramatic role is, apparently, his problem alone to solve. Nino Verchi conducted variably a familiar cast, in which Giulietta Simionato's Amneris was outstanding.

The lesser of the Hans Rosbauds who will direct the New York Philharmonic during the early weeks of December introduced himself with a program of conventional character. This is not to say that there are actually two conductors Rosbaud, but rather that the one who enjoys considerable European respect is affiliated with contemporary music from Schoenberg to Stockhausen rathan than the Handel (Concerto Grosso, Op. 3, No. 1), Mozart (C major Symphony, No. 41) and Beethoven (Concerto in D, with Leonid Kogan as violin soloist) of this program. Rosbaud has definite ideas of how all this music should sound, as well as ample control of the technical means to achieve his intentions—a pair of qualities that earned him the full cooperation of his players. But his Handel, though incisive, was not invigorating, and his Mozart, while carefully defined, lacked animation. He showed his qualities of assured maestroship in leading a Beethoven concerto beautifully attuned to Kogan's sophisticated, subtly turned treatment of the solo part. Such partnership is as welcome as it is rare.

Eugene Ormandy's latest program with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall was devoted wholly to firsts—the "first" of the "Leonore" overtures and the First Symphony of Beethoven, and the first concert performance

(*Continued on page* 71)

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More Roads to Brandenburg

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

MORE than a dozen different recordings of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos are available at the moment, and none is entirely satisfying. The multiple versions testify not only to the music's popularity, but also to its hardiness, its remarkable ability to survive onslaughts from mad genius and uncomprehending dullard alike. Of all the entertainment music ever written, this remains the wittiest, the most inventive, the most tastefully conceived and executed.

The Brandenburgs are difficult in certain ways. They do, for instance, require great virtuosity, but that is not really hard to come by; indeed, we are more astonished by the trumpeters or horn players who fail in these works than by those who succeed in their nearly impossible tasks. Scholarly niceties like correct ornamentation and continuos are less rare than they used to be, and anyway Adolf Busch showed years ago that such things are far from being the crux of the musical experience. What is shocking is that performances most often fail by being downright unmusical in quite basic ways. And performers seem unaware of the simplest points of expression and rhetoric. For example, the first concerto's Adagio contains in its ninth measure a powerful harmonic collision between a heavily accented A flat in the melody and an accompanying chord that includes F sharp, G, A natural, and B flat. Yet how many conductors glide over this moment as though they had not even noticed that extraordinary dissonance!

Four new recordings have recently arrived, led by Jascha Horenstein (Vox VBX-25, $6.95), Harry Newstone (Roulette R75001/3 or S75001/3, $14.94 or $17.94), Hermann Scherchen (Westminster 3316 or 307, $14.94 or $17.94), and Yehudi Menuhin (Capitol GBR-7217 or SGBR-7217, $9.98 or $11.98). Horenstein's is actually a reissue of an album that first appeared about five years ago. The Viennese players are in their stiff way rather able, and Horenstein is more meticulous about dynamics than most conductors, but the general impression is one of rush-rush-rush, of frenzy, tension, seeming hatred for the music, of a total negation of rhythm, of breath, of life, of music. Included in this Vox Box are readings by Barchet of Bach's E major and A minor Violin Concertos and (with Beh) of the two-violin Concerto.

Harry Newstone conducts something called the Hamburg Kammerorchester (an impossible linguistic hybrid, which needs either an "er" added to the first word or a translation of the second). It is a somewhat rough group, but some of the soloists play nicely, especially the oboe, flute, and violin. Neither Vox nor Roulette names the soloists, an absurd practice in concertos! But the trumpet-playing is not pleasant, and the harpsichordist is a mediocrity whose playing, at once stiff and a little perverse in its phrasing, quite spoils what would otherwise have been an attractive performance of No. 5. Newstone's touch is commendably light, and it is pleasant (and rare!) not to hear this music pounded to death. These performances are honest enough and acceptable in sound, but it all amounts only to a rather superficial run-through.

THERE is, heaven knows, nothing casual about Hermann Scherchen. At least half his ideas about music seem quite mad to me, but he does always have ideas. He thinks of the Brandenburgs as big pieces. He uses a large orchestra of Vienna State Opera players, and along with the rich but never thick sonorities go some remarkably slow tempi. The third concerto is all splendor and majesty, and the fourth is treated romantically with an impassioned violin solo that features Casals-style phrasing with a fermata on first beats, and there are generous swells on sustained notes. Now, most of this is quite wrong and entirely irrelevant to Bach's intentions—it all sounds about as much like chamber music as the "Meistersinger" Prelude—but what happens is on its own terms eloquent and inspired. I cannot possibly accept this as an appropriate or representative statement of Bach's music, but at its best (in the first four concertos) it is an exciting experience, not to be missed. The playing is remarkably good, especially that of the orchestra itself, the oboist (Joerg Schaeftlein), the recorder players (Paul Angerer and Karl Troetzmueller), and the trumpeter (Alfred Scherbaum).

There is nothing of the unthinking routineer about Menuhin either. His Brandenburgs are fresh and alive, sometimes treated with deep perception, often maddening. The performances have the advantage of being conductorless, and sometimes one gets an exhilarating sense of good musicians responding to music rather than to a little white stick. Menuhin hasn't the experience of a Busch or a Goldberg at this sort of thing, and the rhythm sometimes gets a little out of hand—but the occasional drunken lurches and staggers are an unimportant side effect of the wonderful and truly musical rhythm that prevails. At their best—i.e., about half the time—these are easily the best of recent recorded performances. Instrumental standards are high, the body of strings is superb, and I was most impressed with the oboist (Janet Craxton), and the horn players (Barry Tuckwell and James Quaife). Menuhin's own playing is uneven, almost always a shade flat, the tone spread and unfocused, and there is some erratic phrasing (I still am not over the shock of hearing his first solo phrase in No. 2 jauntily kicked into the air at mid-point like a slipper at bedtime); his handling of the viola in No. 6 is, however, better than that of most violists! The trumpet playing is not impressive, and the final unwritten high F is a terrible lapse of taste. George Malcolm's continuo playing (which can't be heard clearly enough) is unusually fanciful, and I enjoyed it even when he seemed to be practising Transcendental Etudes along with the sixth concerto, but his exuberant tendencies are, in the obbligato harpsichord solo of No. 5, extended to a degree where they ruin the performance with a profusion of affectations and tricks. By the way, the solution to the missing slow movement of No. 3 is daring: we hear a Britten arrangement of the Adagio from the G major Organ Sonata. I am not yet convinced that this is the right bridge between the two Allegros, but I must admit that Menuhin and Patrick Ireland (viola) play it most beautifully, and that it does slip very nicely into Bach's Phrygian cadence. As for Menuhin's over-all interpretations: his sense of the music's gait is mostly wonderfully right, which makes it the more infuriating that every once in a while in an Allegro he will jerk the music to a dead halt to underline nothing much at all.

In sum, Horenstein I can recommend to masochists only. Newstone's is one of the more enjoyable of the relatively routine and neutral sets. Scherchen and Menuhin give quite remarkable performances which I warmly recommend as something quite exciting, but with a bushel basket of warnings and reservations. And now I think I'll listen to my Adolf Busch records again.

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For Children, Christmas 1960

ONE OFTEN sees a teenager walking down the street with a rapt and faraway expression on his face. He is absorbed in listening to some current favorite singer coming to him from the portable transistor radio carried in his hand or in his pocket. Sometimes he has a pile of books and perhaps a musical instrument under his arm. The passing adult may give him an indulgent smile or a disapproving scowl. Characteristic of his age, he is quite indifferent to the adult reaction, especially if he is one of that large group of young people who take music seriously.

It may be a popular singer that absorbs his attention now. It will possibly be a classical or semiclassical record to which he next turns. I have seen youngsters of fifteen or sixteen who lately were devotees of rock-'n'-roll but who now listen again and again to a particular passage of a chosen record. There is a singleness of purpose and an absorption in this pursuit that comes from a familiarity with the material over a long period of time. What has built up this growing interest in music?

The much-maligned radio and television must share the credit and the blame. The musical scores for many motion pictures have also contributed. Our youngsters today have grown up with an exposure to a great variety of musical experiences. Many of them have also listened to records from the time they could toddle. Often the three- and four-year-old will surprise his parents by showing a definite preference for certain records. At certain stages he may seem to be less discriminating than at others.

But before long his taste has again swung to a broader base. His enthusiasm for the young singers, disc jockeys, and composers has increased his interest and developed his understanding of music in general. This is psychologically understandable. In our society the teenager is, unfortunately, the displaced person. He is not a child, but he is not accepted as an adult. In the field of music he can identify with youths who have succeeded even by adult standards.

Although there is an ever-increasing choice of records on the market, too often records put out for children are an insult to the composer, the artist, and the would-be listener. In a recent issue of *SR*, Earl Schenck Miers wrote an article entitled "The Reading Rights of Children." He pleads for avoiding distortion and perpetuating clichés in books for children. He could well have included the "Listening" rights of children. This is especially true of the many "story-telling" records that are on the market. When Boris Karloff reads Kipling's "Just So Stories" they retain all their vitality and charm ("More Just So Stories," Caedmon TC 1088, $5.95). This same material presented in so-called dramatic form is neither Kipling nor a very good story.

Even that great comedian, Beatrice Lillie, could not play straight comedy in recording for children. She turns the subtle humor of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" into broad slapstick. Coupled with "Peter" is Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals," with verses by Ogden Nash. Because of Beatrice Lillie there is adult appeal in this recording (London CM 9248, $4.98). But the true flavor of this perennial favorite is better preserved in any one of a large number of other recordings.

Some very fine readings are available in a variety of forms. An attractive treatment is found in Maurice Evans's "Introduction to Shakespeare," which contains highlights from six plays with nine of Shakespeare's songs (Golden 58, $1.98). A very beautiful reading from the Bible is done by Charlton Heston in "Out of Egypt." These selections are from the Five Books of Moses. The Robert De Cormier Chorale adds to the beauty and dignity of this recording (Vanguard VRS 9061, $4.98). In a very different vein but quite delightful for his many fans is "Dr. Seuss presents 'Yertle the Turtle and Other Stories'" (RCA Camden CAL 1035, $1.98). There have been many readings of "Alice in Wonderland." London now has an album on

Songs for Younger Children

"As I Have Heard Tell," English Nursery Rhymes recited and sung. (Well paced—good diction.)	Viviene Stenson	Folkways FC7730	$5.95
"Cowboy Songs for Children"	Fess Parker, Peter Piper, the 49ers, Jimmy Blaine and orchestra, and others.	Columbia Harmony HL9512	$1.98
"Holidays"	Told and Sung by Tom Glazer	RCA Victor LY-101	$2.49
"Let's Play a Musical Game"	A participation record with Tom Glazer, William Keene, Peter Piper, Sally Sweetland, Arthur Malvin	Columbia Harmony HL9522	$1.98
"Mother Goose," Music by Hershy Kay. (Interesting musical accompaniment and excellent reading.)	Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm, and Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1091	$5.95

Folk Music and Ballads

"Burl Ives Sings for Fun"	Burl Ives	Decca DL 8248	$3.98
"Return of the Wayfaring Stranger"	Burl Ives	Columbia CL 1459	$3.98
"Down to the Sea in Ships"	Burl Ives with the Ralph Hunter singers and instrumental accompaniment	Decca DL 8245	$3.98
"Songs of the West"	Norman Luboff Choir	Columbia CL 657	$3.98
"Song and Play Time"	Pete Seeger	Folkways FC 7526	$5.95
Miriam Makeba from Johannesburg	With the Belafonte Folk Singers	RCA Victor LPM 2267	$3.98
"Everybody Sing: Songs for Cubs—Vol. I Songs for Juniors—Vol. II Songs for Seniors—Vol. III	American Folk Singers including Oscar Brand, Jean Ritchie, Bob Gibson, Milt Okun, Ed. McCurdy and others	Riverside Wonderland Vol. I—1418 Vol. II—1419 Vol. III—1420	$1.98 ea.
International Folk Songs—Vol. IV	Geoffry Holder, Hillel and Aviva, The DeCormiers and others	Vol. IV—1421	
"Songs of Korea"	Han Pyung Sook, Jea Kyung Whang, and the Korean Folk Choir	Request RLP 8031	$4.98
"Folk Festival at Newport"	A cross section of folk singers of America—included are Pete Seeger and Tom Makem, Vol. I; Odetta, Barbara Dane, Vol. II; John Jacob Niles and Earl Scruggs, Vol. III	Vanguard 9062/3/4	$4.98 ea.
"Portugal"	Maria Marques and Manuel Fernandes	Monitor MFS 340	$4.98
"The Toshiba Singing Angels"	Japanese children's songs arranged by Tadahiko Nagasu and Minoru Toyoda	Capitol T 10252	$3.98
"Songs of Enchantment"	Salli Terri with instrumental and vocal accompaniments	Capitol P 8482	$4.98
"Weavers at Carnegie Hall"	Volume II	Vanguard VRS 9075	$4.98
"Belafonte Returns to Carnegie Hall"	With Odetta, Miriam Makeba, the Chad Mitchell Trio and Belafonte Folk Singers	RCA Victor 2-LOC 6007	$9.96
"Israeli Folk Songs"	Martha Schlamme	Vanguard VRS 9072 VSD 2070 Stereo	$4.98 $5.95

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"Alice Through the Looking Glass." The adaptation is by Douglass Cleverdon and is read by Jane Asher and a fine supporting cast (London OS 1211, $11.96). For more serious listening is the report on the United Nations in "Voices toward Peace." Ralph Bellamy is the narrator, and excerpts from speeches of the participants are used in a skillful presentation (Decca DL 9091, $4.98).

The large selection of folk music has been enriched by many fine recordings. "The Weavers at Carnegie Hall," Volume II (Vanguard VRS 9075, $4.98), "Belafonte Returns to Carnegie Hall" (RCA Victor LOC 6007, $9.96), and the Norman Luboff Choir in "Songs of the West," (Columbia CL 657, $3.98) are a few of those that will please all ages. Vanguard has also recorded a cross section of folk singers in America at the Folk Festival at Newport. It is a most comprehensive collection (Vanguard 9062/3/4, $4.98 each). From other countries some interesting numbers include "Songs of Korea" (Request 8031, $4.98); "The Toshiba Singing Angels" singing Japanese children's songs (Capitol T 10252, $3.98); Martha Schlamme in Israeli Folk Songs (Vanguard VRS 9072, $4.98); Maria Marques and Manuel Fernandes in "Portugal" (Monitor MFS 340, $4.98).

In selecting records for family listening the tastes of all members of the family should be considered. Some families have delegated the selection of Christmas records for the family to the teenagers. When given this responsibility, they take the assignment most seriously and make an earnest effort to find records that will be pleasing to everyone. Enjoying well-chosen records together can be a calming note in the hurly-burly of the Christmas season.

—Adele Franklin, Director,
All-Day Neighborhood Schools.

Teen-Ager's Recommended List

Lable	Modern Jazz Records
Vee Jay	1. Make Everybody Happy / The M. J. T + 3
Blue Note	2. The Big Beat / Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
Riverside	3. Them Dirty Blues / The Cannonball Adderly Quintet
Blue Note	4. Six Pieces of Silver / Horace Silver Quintet
Mercury	5. Down to Earth / The Ramsey Lewis Trio

Classical Music

1. Bethoven's 5th Symphony
2. Trychovsky's Concerto no. 1 For piano.
3. Fight of the bumbulebees, by Rhymschki Korsorkov.

Stories With and Without Music

"A Child's Introduction to French"	A gay presentation for children learning French	Golden 57	$1.98
"Read Me a Story"	Storytelling from the Picture Book Parade	Weston Woods PBP 106	$4.95
"Dr. Seuss Presents Yertle the Turtle and Other Stories"	Dr. Seuss tells his stories as charmingly as he writes them.	RCA Camden CAL 1035	$1.98
"Hans Christian Andersen—The Little Match Girl and Other Fairy Tales"	Told by Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1109	$5.95
"Stories and Songs of the Civil War"	Ralph Bellamy, Ed McCurdy, accompanied by Al Caiola	RCA Camden CAL 1032	$1.98
"Songs of the War Between the States"	Narration and voice of Win Stracke Male Chorus, Banjo, Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps.	Golden 50	$1.98
"How the West Was Won" Album with illustrated booklet, suggested by the series in *Life*	Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney, Chorus and Orchestra	Project Records, Inc. RCA Victor 2-LOP 6070	$9.96
"Emperor's New Clothes"	Music by Professor Douglas Moore, Libretto by Raymond Abrashkin	Young People's Records 15007	$2.49
"Chisholm Trail" "Working on the Railroad" "There's Gold in California"	Told by Norman Rose Sung by Tom Glazer and The Eugene Lowell Singers	Young People's Records 15001	$2.49
"Birth of Paul Bunyan"	Tom Glazer	Young People's Records 15010	$2.49
"More of Kipling's Just So Stories"	Read by Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1088	$5.95
"Out of Egypt"	Charlton Heston reads from the Five Books of Moses, with the Robert DeCormier Chorale	Vanguard VRS 9061	$4.98
"Alice Through the Looking Glass" by Lewis Carroll (for older children)	Jane Asher and Cast, adapted by Douglass Cleverdon	London OSA 1211	$11.96
"Peter and the Wolf"	Prokofiev; Cyril Ritchard, narrator; Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy conducting.	Columbia ML 5183	$4.98
"Peter and the Wolf"	Prokofiev; Michael Flanders, narrator: Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra	Capitol SG7221	$5.98
"Carnival of the Animals"	Saint-Saens; with Hephzibah Menunin and Abbey Simon	Capitol SG7221	$5.98
"Maurice Evans' Introduction to Shakespeare" Highlights of six plays with nine of Shakespeare's songs.	"A Midsummer Night's Dream," with music by Mary Rodgers. Highlights from "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "The Tempest," and "Hamlet."	Golden 58	$1.98
"Voices toward Peace"	Narrated by Ralph Bellamy, from the archives of the U.N.	Decca DL 9091	$4.98

Light Opera and Popular

"Rodgers and Hammerstein Songbook"	Richard Kiley with George Siravo and his orchestra	RCA 2-Camden CBL 102	$3.96
"Gilbert and Sullivan Songbook"	Ralph Hunter Choir with eight illustrated booklets	RCA Victor LPM 2116	$3.98
"Sound of Music"	Rodgers and Hammerstein	Columbia KOL 5450	$5.98
"Music from Ben-Hur Score"	Miklos Rozsa	M.G.M. 1E1	$4.98
"West Side Story" (Ballet Music)	Leonard Bernstein	Warner W 1240	$3.98
"Gigi"	Lerner and Loewe	M.G.M. 3641	$4.98
"Carmen Jones"	Oscar Hammerstein	RCA Victor LM 1881	$4.98
"Fiorello"	Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick	Capitol WAO 1321	$5.98
"Gypsy"	Stephen Sondheim and Julie Styne	Columbia OL 5420	$4.98
"South Pacific"	Rodgers and Hammerstein	Columbia OL 4180	$4.98
"H.M.S. Pinafore"	Gilbert and Sullivan; D'Oyly Carte Opera Company	London 2-OSA 1209	$11.96
"Mathis on Broadway"	Johnny Mathis	Columbia C2L 17	$7.96
"The Rhythms and Ballads of Broadway"	Johnny Mathis	Columbia C2S 803	$9.96

Jazz

"Satchmo the Great Plays King Oliver"	Louis Armstrong	Audio Fidelity 1930	$5.95
"Shorty Rogers Meets Tarzan"		MGM E 3798	$3.98
"Peter Gunn"	Composed and directed by Henry Mancini	RCA Victor LPM 1956	$3.98
"Count Basie: Chairman of the Board"	"Blues in Hoss Flat," "H.R.H.," "Seque in C," "Kansas City Shout," etc.	Roulette Birdland R 52032 Stereo S 52032	$4.98 $5.98
"Every Day I Have the Blues"	Joe Williams with Count Basie and his orchestra	Roulette Birdland R 52033 Stereo S 52033	$4.98 $5.98

Christmas Music

"A Festival of Lessons and Carols"	Sing in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, upon Xmas Eve; directed by David Willcocks	London OS 25119	$5.98
"Christmas Organ and Chimes"	Charles Smart, organ; James Blades, chimes	London PS 189	$4.98
"Christmas Carols"	Temple Church Choir, Organist and conductor, Dr. G. Thalben-Hall	Angel 35834	$4.98
"Sing We Now of Christmas"	The Harry Simeone Chorale, thirty-one Carols	20th Century Fox 3002	$3.98
"Hark, Ye Shepherds, Carols at Christmastide"	Alfred Deller and the Deller Consort; Desmond Dupre, lute	Vanguard VRS 1062	$4.98

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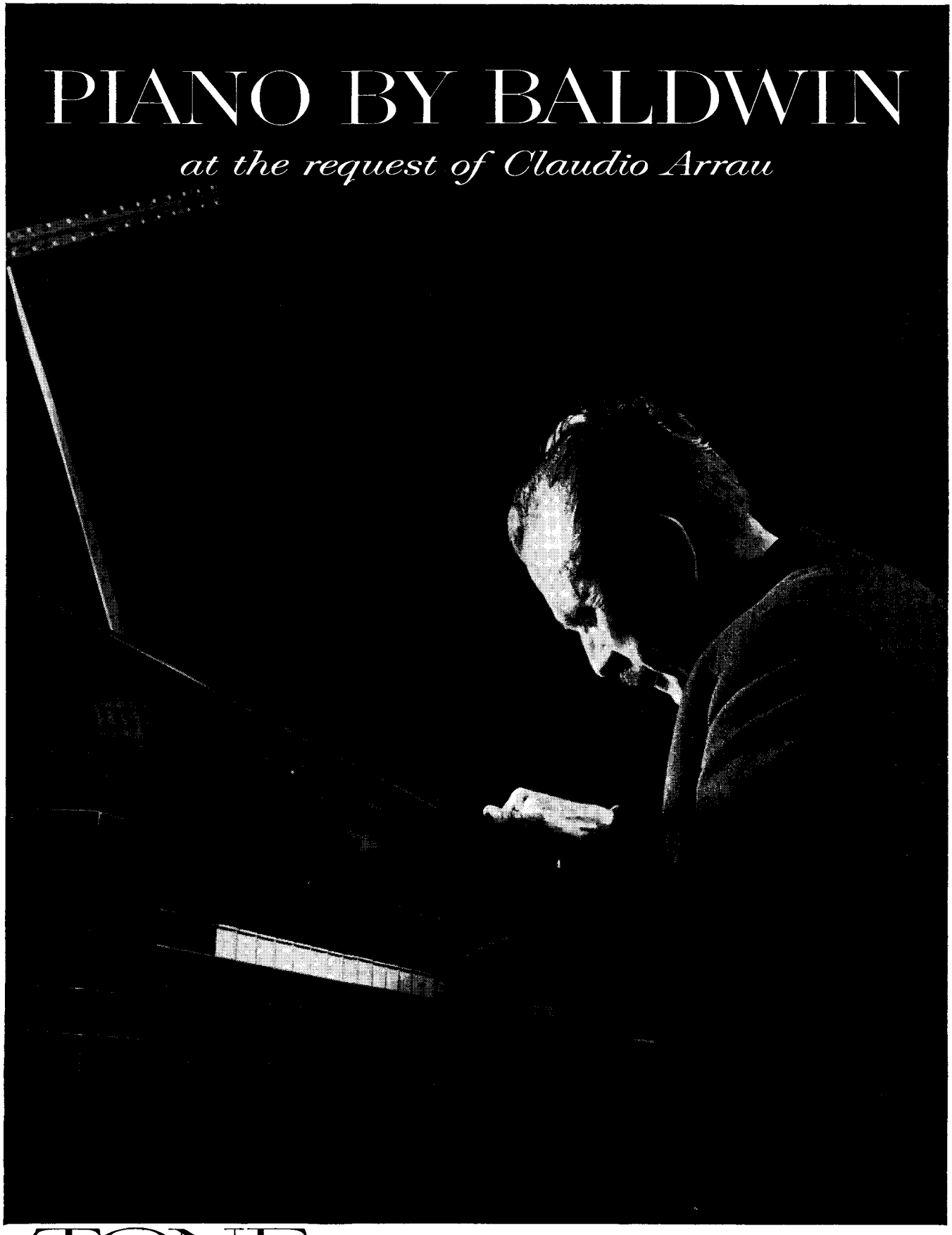

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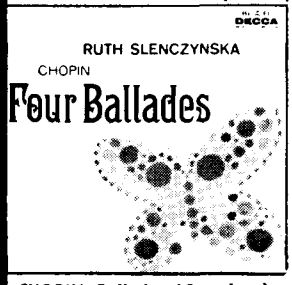
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Simionato as Santuzza

MORE than most operas of the standard repertoire, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" gains rather than loses in its transfer from the stage to discs, for—despite passages of great dramatic power—it is not a theatrically well-made work. The first quarter of an hour, given over to dawn music of charm but little urgency, poses a grave problem in the opera house. Generally, the stage is kept bare and dim during this opening, with no attempt at action, or it is cluttered with awakening urchins and strolling carabinieri. Neither way quite works. Moreover, the famous intermezzo, introduced midway in the opera and played against a once more deserted stage, puts additional strain on an already weak theatrical structure. "Cavalleria Rusticana" comes off better on records, without these visual sore spots; and the impression of genius at work, since Mascagni had more than a touch of it, is well communicated.

The score has not lacked for recordings; and the latest has been issued on stereo by London FFSS (OSA 1213, $11.96) with a strong cast. Giulietta Simionato is the Santuzza; Mario Del Monaco, Turiddu; and Cornell MacNeil, Alfio. The excellent orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia are conducted by Tullio Serafin. Too often his slow pacing seems to hold back the singers, to stand between them and the excitement of the text. Elsewhere the unpredictable maestro comes through with climaxes of genuine grandeur.

Among the three principals, Mr. MacNeil fares best, bringing a secondary part into high relief. Many is the baritone whose contract stipulates that he must not be called upon to appear as Alfio or Sharpless, roles usually considered as lacking in star possibilities; but the Alfio of this recording comes out on top, contributing a sturdily drawn characterization and as much nuance as the music will allow. Perhaps the tidiness of line displayed by MacNeil is at odds with the earthy nature of "Cavalleria." The sound of his Italian has a conservatory quality of which Alfio, unlettered Sicilian rustic, would never have dreamed, but such defects are far from heinous. In moderation, they may even be welcomed as against the baser "traditions" of the part.

Mr. Del Monaco radiates excitement as Turiddu, making an intense figure of the swaggering youth, with more than an adroitly scored hint of insecurity amid the bluster. Thus planned, the role can build, as it does in this

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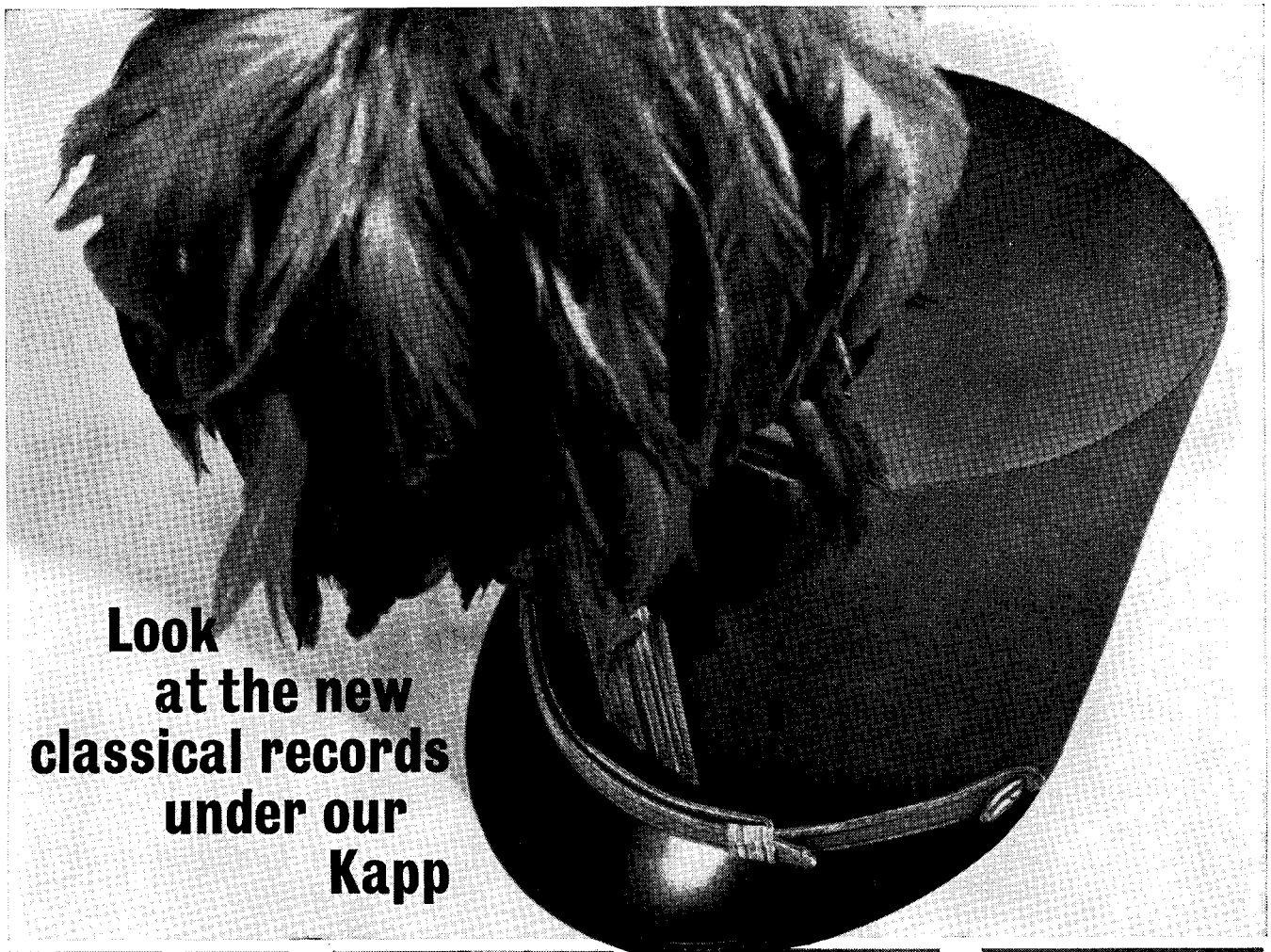

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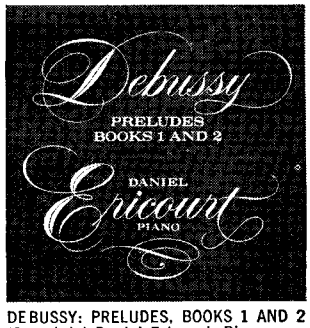

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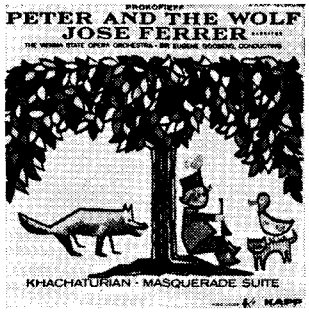

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Gentlemen's Quarterly magazine asked James Lyons, editor of *The American Record Guide* (the oldest record review magazine in the United States), to poll hi-fi authorities on which audio components they would choose for the best possible stereo system, without any regard for price.

Three writers in the audio field and one audio consultant made up independent lists. The ideal systems they projected in the April, 1960 issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly* are suitable for discriminating millionaires—one of the systems, using a professional tape machine, would cost about $4000.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH AR-3 loudspeakers are included in three of the lists,* and these are moderate in price. (There are many speaker systems that currently sell for more than three times the AR-3's $216.) AR speakers were chosen entirely on account of their musically natural quality.

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**In two cases alternates are also listed. For the complete component lists see the April, 1960 Gentlemen's Quarterly, or write us.*

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case, to a farewell that is tragic and affecting; but unfortunately the artist keeps belting his tones with such insistence that vocal monotony sets in. Most of his singing is too stentorian, too Verdian for a *verismo* opera.

If Santuzza might come alive through beauty of phrasing, Miss Simionato would be triumphant. She is ever the distinguished musician, the sensitive interpreter. Yet her work, though expressive, rarely seems enkindling—except for the thrillingly delivered curse at the end of the duet with Turiddu. Mascagni called in his score for a dramatic soprano, and Miss Simionato's vocal color just does not correspond. She is a true mezzo. Other fine artists in this same category—Ebe Stignani, Cloe Elmo, Nell Rankin, Bruna Castagna—have sung the part in our time; but none of these singers, though all of top quality, has proved that the composer's judgment should be reversed.

Miss Simionato owns the required range, but this is not enough. The tessitura of the role is too high for her. She does not attack the climaxes with the thrust, the abandon possible to a dramatic soprano and essential to the best effect of the opera. In this recording she is a careful Santuzza, lacking in bite and ferocity. As for the necessary contrast to the voices of the other women in the cast—Lola (mezzo-soprano) and Mamma Lucia (contralto)—she cannot, organically, provide it. Readers who own the disc of the Santuzza-Turiddu duet made by RCA Victor and its European associates about twenty-five years ago—and reissued in 1953 as part of an LP album LCT 6010 (now discontinued)—by the superbly dramatic Dusolina Giannini, together with Beniamino Gigli, will have heard the type of piercing soprano brilliance indispensable to this music. It cannot be replaced or gotten around.

THE work is well recorded, and a sound effect of wonderful intensity is achieved toward the end when the offstage cry of "Hanno ammazzato compare Turiddu!" ("Turiddu has been killed!") is heard first at a distance than nearer at hand, with electrifying reactions from the villagers. Less successful is the cracking of the whip (more suggestive of a "Tosca" cannon) during Alfio's entrance music. Singer and lash seem unrelated.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" is complete on three recorded sides of this album. The fourth is given over to a recital by Mr. Del Monaco of semipopular Italian songs of the "Torna a Surriento" variety. This is an anthology of Mediterranean café vocalism, whose stylistic demands have been met more imaginatively by other operatic tenors.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Music to My Ears

(*Continued from page* 63)

here of Béla Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle." First among the firsts was the last, for the interest and variety it imparted to a particularly well-concieved program as well as for its own distinctive blend of the eerie and the eloquent.

This work of Bartók's thirtieth year (1911) gained much from being performed in an English text by Chester Kallman, especially as the performers were two such able enunciators of the mother tongue as Jerome Hines and Rosalind Elias. As happens with almost anything put on the music racks of this orchestra, "Bluebeard's Castle" dazzled the ear with highlights and shadows of orchestral color, skilfully related to the composer's purpose by Ormandy. And as Miss Elias (and Hines no less) showed, beautiful vocalization is no detriment to any composer's purpose, provided it is turned to that purpose, not away from it.

Appreciation of a worthy thing well done would be lacking if mention of the orchestra's playing of early Beethoven were omitted. The vibrantly interrelated woodwind playing in the overture, the cohesive flowing together of string sound remind us that Ormandy's quarter-century has enhanced as well as preserved the high standards he inherited.

Give George Balanchine time enough and he will provide all the danceable music in the world (and there is little that doesn't fit his canon) with movements of his inimitable kind. Latest addition to the New York City Ballet's catalogue is Brahms's "Liebeslieder" waltzes, charmingly conceived as a kind of public house-party, with Robert Irving and Louise Sherman performing at the onstage piano, Angeline Rasmussen (soprano) and Mitzi Wilson (mezzo), Frank Porretta (tenor) and Herbert Beattie (baritone) to blend voices beside them, and four pair of dancers headed by Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, Violette Verdy, and Jillana moving hypnotically behind them. (Bill Carter, Conrad Ludlo, Nicholas Magallanes, and Jonathan Watts are the partnering males.)

As Balanchine has elected to use both the Opus 52 and the Opus 65 waltzes, with the first danced in picturesque formal attire and the second in stripped-down dance habiliments, an intermission divides the two parts. Perhaps it might be noted that Brahms wrote another set of waltzes (Opus 39) which the onstage pianist could review in this interval, thus avoiding the mood-destroying interruption. A decorative, skeletonized "interior" by David Hays framed the action appealingly.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Creative Peninsula

Continued from page 17

instruments of death. As a member of NATO, with military depots, airfields, training grounds, and staff headquarters in Belgium, Holland, France, and Great Britain, and with foreign NATO troops on her soil, West Germany is less likely to cause international trouble and more likely to follow her partners toward democracy than if she were denounced and cold-shouldered into resentment. The way to make a friend is to be a friend. The wise welcome partial atonement instead of waiting for total reformation. The final British contention that Britain cannot merge with the European economy while merged with the Commonwealth is weak. Nobody has demonstrated the fiscal and commercial incompatibility of belonging to both. The Commonwealth itself and the Common Market Six have made numerous economic adjustments and are capable of more.

HIGH officials of the Six and the Seven predict that England will join the Six by 1962. She is moving over. Unwittingly, de Gaulle helped. So long as there was a hope of converting the Common Market Six from an economic organization into a European political federation, West Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Luxembourg made one concession after the other to de Gaulle's appetite for leadership. To achieve this leadership, Great Britain, with her power and political sagacity, had to be kept out of the Six. The British themselves felt reluctant to enter a political federation. But the moment President de Gaulle clearly indicated that he wanted no federal union, that all he wanted was French predominance in Europe and a special role for France in Africa, France's five partners in the Six saw no further reason to feed de Gaulle's hunger for glory and every reason to bring Great Britain into the Common Market. Moreover, now that the Common Market had, at least temporarily, lost its political-federation overtones, British aversion to it ebbed.

The results were: a notable strengthening of Anglo-German relations and added British support for Adenauer's foreign policy; growing British sympathy for the Common Market; and a weakening of France's position in Europe and Africa. By being an overzealous nationalist, de Gaulle had damaged the national interests of France. Someday, he and the French or the French without him will have to reverse his policy and favor a European federal union in which France plays a part commensurate with her contribution. Presumably, also, British membership in the Common Market, the Coal and Steel Community, and Euratom could, in time, diminish England's traditional antagonism to political intimacy with foreign nations.

The obstacles to European union are infinite in number. The trend, nevertheless, is irresistible and irreversible. All the news about consultations, recriminations, door-banging, and fist-shaking are but part of the zigzagging progress toward integration. No serious person expects the early rise of a United States of Europe in which the nations of today become states under a federal government as in the United States of America. The nations will keep their identity and individuality for years. Love of country and locality remains. But nationalism, Europe realizes, is no longer an adequate service to nations. It is a barrier in a world that needs bridges. The nations of Europe with the greatest experience in nationalism now know its shortcomings and are striving to marry it to internationalism.

The Six and the Seven together will exert a strong pull on Greece, Turkey, Ireland, Iceland, Spain, and Finland, conceivably even on Yugoslavia. This would close the long dark age of Europe's economic Balkanization. But a united Europe need not be an exclusive club. The Mediterranean is only a ditch. If Holland is joined to Italy, why not to Tunisia too? Why not a Tunisian-Algerian-Moroccan federation linked with Europe? Far from being destructive of nationalism, such independence-in-interdependence would be the best guarantee of security and prosperity in a world where hurricanes rage.

EUROPEAN unity means more than NATO and the Common Market, more than military, economic, and political strength, infinitely more than a bulwark against Communism. It can save England from isolation and from "apparent docile servility to Washington," in the words of a member of Parliament. It would save Germany from the doubts—partly responsible for the World Wars—whether she was of the West or the East. It could rescue Russia from mystic messianism and tear down the high wall that has shut her in for many centuries since the Tartar conquest and subsequent western invasions. European unity is not against Russia, it is for Russia. It would lift her out of the nineteenth century into the twentieth; she has always been late. European unity will create a free partnership for fruitful, life-giving cooperation with Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

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(Continued on page 74)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 73)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1394

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Indian of one of the Five Civilized Tribes, now citizens of Oklahoma.	91 133 52 46 156 37 41
B. Big Bad Wolf began his attack.	4 161 141 63 123 119
C. Crucial feature of the "age" which began in 1945 (2 wds.).	56 35 168 93 25 149 86 79 26 103
D. German field marshal; in both World Wars; captured by 7th U.S. Army, 1945.	136 14 155 163 72 77 10 125 44
E. Followed by Word N, a description of a lane, or a ribbon of any kind of material.	13 154 96 54
F. Obtained release from.	164 11 38 47 69 115 139
G. Popular current TV comedian of short stature.	160 48 95 80 20
H. See Word I.	132 9 88 30 106 171
I. Followed by Word H, sensational methods of propaganda, used by woman suffragists, Mahatma Gandhi, and others.	50 131 19 159 111 36
J. Greek mathematician, Greek orator, both in 5th cent. B.C.; musical response, as by two choirs.	59 151 31 117 100 55 127 169
K. Introducing an indirect question or an alternative condition (3 wds.).	109 116 89 3 17 61 130 33 145 137 7 78
L. Smallest of the new African nations, admitted to UN, September 1960.	129 74 75 108 43
M. Brusque refusal.	34 84 94 53 142 144
N. See Word E (2 wds.).	99 24 162 118 27 153 8 92 147
O. One of famous series of paintings by Whistler.	165 62 60 49 135 102 148 82
P. Made spectacular plunge from (2 wds.).	28 1 66 42 170 146 112 32
Q. A piece of waste iron or steel; naturally rounded stone.	16 140 57 114 167 67
R. In the theater, a coming upon the scene.	5 128 134 68 45
S. An isthmus (3 wds.).	107 101 12 39 23 152 110 124 2 90
T. Plug of cotton used in surgery.	113 143 83 98 150 21
U. A leading or bringing back.	81 138 15 58 22 97 76 105 40 157 71 121
V. The period of the moon's revolution (2 wds.).	104 85 65 158 73 122
W. Capital of Word L.	70 120 166 51 87 6 18 126 64 29

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 P	2 S		3 K	4 B	5 R		6 W	7 K	8 N
9 H	10 D	11 F		12 S	13 E	14 D	15 U	16 Q	17 K	18 W	19 I	20 G		21 T	22 U	23 S
24 N		25 C		26 C	27 N	28 P	29 W		30 H	31 J		32 P	33 K	34 M		35 C
36 I	37 A	38 F	39 S		40 U	41 A	42 P	43 L	44 D	45 R		46 A	47 F	48 G		49 O
50 I	51 W	52 A	53 M	54 E	55 J		56 C		57 Q	58 U	59 J	60 O	61 K		62 O	63 B
	64 W	65 V	66 P	67 Q	68 R	69 F		70 W	71 U	72 D	73 V		74 L		75 L	76 U
77 D	78 K	79 C	80 G		81 U	82 O	83 T	84 M	85 V	86 C	87 W	88 H	89 K	90 S		91 A
92 N	93 C	94 M		95 G	96 E	97 U		98 T	99 N	100 J	101 S	102 O	103 C	104 V	105 U	106 H
	107 S	108 L	109 K		110 S	111 I	112 P	113 T		114 Q	115 F	116 K	117 J	118 N	119 B	
120 W	121 U		122 V	123 B	124 S	125 D	126 W	127 J	128 R	129 L		130 K	131 I	132 H	133 A	
134 R	135 O	136 D	137 K	138 U	139 F		140 Q	141 B	142 M		143 T		144 M	145 K	146 P	147 N
148 O		149 C	150 T	151 J	152 S	153 N	154 E	155 D	156 A	157 U	158 V	159 I		160 G	161 B	162 N
163 D	164 F	165 O		166 W	167 Q	168 C	169 J	170 P	171 H							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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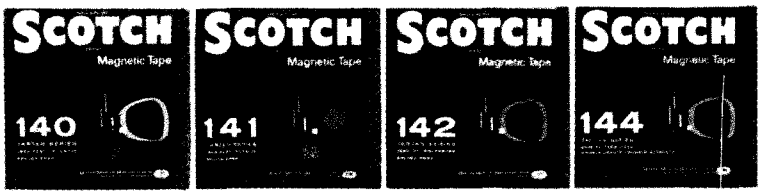

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